

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes Chapter 1, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction

Summarize

Catching Fire: Rekindling - Outtakes

By: Jamie Sommers

Peeta's Pleasure

These outtakes go hand in hand with my series or feel free to read them on their own. Warning! This is for mature eyes only. If you're not 18, stop reading as these stories have sexual content in them. This particular story goes hand in hand with Katniss and Peeta's wedding night (Chapter 13 in CF: Rekindling). This is only the first in a series of stories to go along with CF:R. Thank you A. If you haven't read my series, please feel free to do so. It starts

with the 74th Hunger Games Challenge and moves onto CF:R. If you like this story, feel free to leave positive feedback. If you don't...eh...I'll survive.

Katniss and Peeta have just gotten married. This is the start of their wedding night.

Peeta's Pleasure

The fire was blazing, a loaf of freshly baked bread broken in two pieces with two tiny bits missing and crumbs scattered about the bricks in front of the fireplace. The curtains were closed, the doors and windows tightly shut and the toasting finally complete.

Katniss and Peeta were facing one another, both of them resting back on their legs. Their eyes and hearts, full of love. Around them the air buzzed with a nervous excitement. An anticipation of what was to come.

"Peeta. Please kiss your bride," Katniss voice was subdued and persuasive. This was the moment she had been waiting for since Mayor Undersee married them less than an hour before...since Peeta said yes to her proposal.

He cupped her cheeks in his hands and brushed his thumbs against them before tilting his head slightly to the side. Peeta placed a soft peck against her full lips and looked into her silver eyes. "I love you, Katniss Mellark."

A gentle smile played upon her lips just reaching her eyes. "Katniss Mellark," she said in with a tranquil tone in her voice. Her heart began to race at the sound of her new name. "Say it again."

Peeta held his lips against hers and whispered, "Katniss Mellark." Something stirred inside of him when he felt her body shudder at the mention of her name. He got up on his knees lifting her with him, pulling her against him for a proper kiss. He wrapped her long, dark braid around one hand and ran the other up her back, clutching her to him as his lips pressed firmly against hers.

Katniss slid both of her palms under his arms and up his back. She could feel his muscles tightening at the touch of her hands. She parted her lips and felt the tip of his tongue sweep against hers. It played with her there...tiny little flicks that shot bursts of electrical currents through her entire body. The way he teased her drove Katniss crazy with desire. She had no clue how he learned these things, maybe one day she'd ask him, but right now all she wanted to do was savor the sensations that were stirring through her. She dug her fingers into his shoulders from behind as a familiar tightness began in a low part of her belly quickly followed by a warm liquid rush between her thighs.

He couldn't seem to pull her body close enough to his. He pressed his hardness against her stomach. The sound of her whimper caused him to plunge his tongue deeper into her mouth and explore her figure with his hands. He touched her everywhere except the places that he really wanted to. They had spent so long trying to keep their desires at bay that the thought of being able to act on them seemed unreal to him. He wasn't sure what he was allowed to do, neither one of them wanted children, it was too dangerous being that they were both victors of the Hunger Games. If they got pregnant, their child was sure to be in the arena. "Katniss," he breathed against her skin. "I don't want to get you pregnant."

Her lips trailed across his chin...his cheek, her fingers threaded through his hair. "We can...oh," her head dropped backwards when she felt his moist lips against her neck. "Oh, Peeta." She didn't just

want him, she needed him. "There's something..." she said between pants, "...we can try. It might..." her lips...tongue were doing a dance with his, "....might work."

"Might?" He reached down and started unbuttoning her vest. "Might. I can live with might." He looked down to see what he was doing as his fingers fumbled with her buttons. "God, why can't I get this?"

"Here," Katniss pulled away from him. "Let me." Her eyes were lit up with pleasure as she finished the task for him.

Peeta sat back and pulled off one of his shoes and threw it to the side then did the same with his other.

Katniss found herself giggling, a rarity for her, and falling backwards onto her rump as she tried to take off her boots.

"Let me help you," Peeta untied one of them and gently removed it from her recently injured foot then tossed it across the room. The other followed and landed about a foot away.

"We're so romantic," Katniss arched her brow and gave him a little smirk.

Peeta stood up and held a hand out to her. "I can give you romance if you want it." Katniss placed her hand in his and let him pull her up into his arms. "I can drown you in it for the rest of your life." He brushed the hair away from her face with both of his hands before he slowly kissed her and melted her from the inside out.

Katniss had no clue if she was a romantic, this whole thing was new to her, but if what he was doing to her was romance, she was all for it. The knocking in her chest reverberated through the room so much so

that Peeta pulled away from her. "What are you doing? Don't stop."
She said on a heavy sigh.

"Someone's at the door."

The knocking came again and Katniss instantly wanted to kill whoever it was on the other side of the door. "I swear if that's Haymitch it'll be the last thing he ever does."

Peeta looked down at himself and said, "I think you better get it. I'm not really...presentable." He walked to the sofa, sat down and pulled a pillow over his lap as Katniss pressed her hands against her flushed cheeks and answered the door. It wasn't Haymitch.

"Oh, hi mom." Katniss said brightly, trying to hide her obvious discomfort.

"Hi. We're sorry to bother you..."

"Hi," Prim said the next words quietly, "Mrs. Mellark."

Katniss couldn't help but to smile at her sister's giddiness. "Hey there." She held the front door open and said, "Come in."

"We only wanted to drop something off for the two of you," her mother said. She placed a large covered tray on the kitchen table and said, "Hi, Peeta."

"Hey, mom." He waved from his sitting position on the sofa wishing his embarrassment to go away.

"We brought you two some dinner," Prim announced. "There's roast chicken and vegetables and goat cheese and we got some lemon tarts and I brought your favorite, Katniss...grape juice." She held up the thermos and set it on the table.

"Thank you, Prim." Katniss reached out her hand and took her sister in a hug.

Peeta felt the blood draining from the lower half of his body once Prim started talking, thank God, so he got up and went to greet his new family properly. "That was very nice of you two."

"Well, you couldn't be expected to make dinner on your wedding night," Katniss' mother said. "And now, we're going to be on our way." She put her arm around Prim's shoulder. "You two enjoy your evening. We'll see you tomorrow or the next day. Call if you need anything."

Prim looked over her shoulder and said, "See ya," with a huge smile plastered on her face.

Katniss followed them to the front door and locked it behind them. She turned around and pressed her back against it. "That was a mood killer."

Peeta let out a belly laugh and said, "Yeah. Seeing your mother and sister kind of...dampened my spirit, so to speak." He looked around the room and blew out a breath. His eyes landed on the tray of food and he asked, "Want to eat?"

'No,' she thought to herself, 'She didn't want to eat. She wanted Peeta, but her mother and sister put an end to that.' Katniss let out a sigh and said, "Might as well see what they sent."

Peeta unpacked the items her family brought over and placed them on the table as Katniss got out some glasses. They were unnaturally quiet as they set the table for a dinner neither one of them wanted to eat.

Peeta poured some juice into Katniss' glass taking notice of the disappointed expression in her eyes. "Katniss?"

"Yes," she lifted her eyes to his.

The moment he captured her gaze he was lost. "I don't know about you, but I'm not the least bit hungry."

"Me either," she confessed to him.

He stood up, walked around to her, took the glass of dark purple liquid she was holding from her hand and set it down on the edge of the table only to have it topple over and spill all over her white shirt.

"Damn it!" He got up and grabbed a towel and began pressing it against the material, the table...anywhere the juice was which seemed to be everywhere. "Geez!" Peeta rushed to the kitchen for another dishtowel and spread it over the table only to knock over the thermos causing more juice to pour out. "For goodness sake!" Grape juice seemed to be seeping through the cracks of the table and onto the floor, pooling underneath the tray of food and staining everything in sight.

Katniss wasn't sure where the laugh came from, but it started low in her belly and erupted through the room.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" Peeta asked as he got another towel and began wiping up the floor. Katniss had her hands on her stomach and continued laughing. "Katniss! I could use a hand here!" He was on his hands and knees cleaning up the mess. He glanced up at her, his hair flopping across his forehead. "You think this is funny?" She nodded, smacked her hand on the table and her fork flew up and bounced against his butt, causing him to slam his head into the table. "OUCH!" He rubbed at the back of his scalp as Katniss' boisterous laugh grew louder and louder.

"OH...MY...GOD...." She doubled her arms over her stomach.
"I...can't...breathe..."

Peeta looked at her as though she belonged in an asylum. "I'm glad you find this humorous because I don't." He stood up and got ready for an argument. "This is supposed to be our wedding night. It's supposed to be full of romance not...your mother and sister interrupting us in the middle of foreplay and...fumbling fingers and...spilled juice and...bumped heads and...and..." he looked at the scene before him and noticed Katniss' piss pour attempt at holding in her laughter and suddenly his was joining hers. Both of them began giggling uncontrollably until the sound of their laughs filled their entire kitchen. They spent a few minutes appreciating the awkward situation, and then cleaned up the juice.

"Oh, Peeta. You should've seen yourself on all fours trying to clean up that juice and that fork stabbing you in the ass," Katniss turned to him and placed her hands on his lower arms as her laughter slowly began to fade.

"Sure," his chuckle echoed through the room. "Laugh at your husband's misfortunes Katniss. That's the way to start off a marriage."

"And ruining my favorite shirt is the way to start a marriage?" She asked playfully.

He stepped closer to her. "Is this your favorite shirt?" He tugged at the juice covered garment that was stuck to her skin.

"Yes," her laughter was gone, but her good natured smile was still plastered across her face.

"Then I better wash it," he said flirtatiously. He pulled her vest off of her and began unbuttoning her shirt.

"Yes you should." She unbuttoned the sleeves of her shirt at the wrists and glanced down at herself. When she saw he hadn't fumbled this article of clothing, she smiled. "Peeta, the floor is still sticky from the juice."

"Then move," he said to her.

She stepped back, pulled her shirt off and let it land where it may. "You know..." she motioned with her finger for him to come closer, "...I think you got some juice on your shirt too."

He shook his head from side to side very slowly. "That's not good. I don't want to ruin this shirt."

"Better take it off," she gave him a sinful grin.

"Don't have to tell me twice." He yanked it over his head and tossed it to the side. "Katniss, come here," he said with a pleading tone to his voice. She was all of two feet away, but it felt like miles.

Katniss jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around his waist. "Peeta, I don't care about romance."

"Good, because I'm not in the mood for it," he said throatily. He devoured her mouth and walked her to the wall pressing her back up against it. His hands gripped her buttocks and squeezed, pulling her into him. He was sure he was going to explode right then and there.

Her arms were wrapped around his neck, her nails scratching at his scalp, feeling the soft, downy curls of his blond hair filtering through her fingers as his tongue explored her mouth. There was a severe panging sensation at the tips of her breasts and a desperate need for him to touch her there. "Peeta," she pulled her lips away from his. "Please put me down." She felt him back away from the wall allowing

her legs to drop. She took his hands and guided them to her aching breasts, allowing him to feel her through her bra.

The first touch of her, even through the slightly padded material, made his body surge with a longing he'd never experienced before. He had no clue what he was doing, but nature...her whimpers...cries of delight, guided him as he explored her precious mounds over the material. He gently squeezed each one, massaged them and felt her body's reaction as he pinched at the tight tips. "Can you take this off?" He whispered into her mouth as his fingers trailed under her bra straps.

"Yes," she reached behind her with one hand and unhooked the clasp.

Peeta could feel the material tighten then loosen within seconds. He wanted to yank it off of her...devour her, but he chose to make her wait. He was enjoying her little noises so much. "I love the sounds you make, Katniss," he whispered into her ear as he pressed the evidence of his desire against her.

She dragged her fingers down his back and graced him with a louder sound the moment his fingers touched her bare flesh, "Oh, Peeta." She trailed kisses across his shoulder and reveled in the feel of his hands as they manipulated her breasts between their bodies. She could feel his fingers gently squeezing her nipples then brushing them against his chest. Shivers went down her spine as he wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed her chest against his.

"I need to feel you, Katniss." He kissed her and lifted her slightly off of the ground. "I just need to feel your heartbeat against mine."

She completely understood his meaning. She had spent so many nights with her ear pressed against his chest listening to the sound of his heart. The ultimate symbol of life, but she wanted more. Katniss

gripped his face in her hands and brushed her lips against his. "Say it again, Peeta."

He didn't need her to explain. He knew what she wanted to hear. "Katniss Mellark."

"Oh, God." Her full lips pressed hard against his as her body responded to her married name. "This is crazy," she peppered his face with little kisses as he stepped slightly back and unbuttoned his pants. "It's just a name." She unzipped them for him.

"It's *my* name," he reached for her waistband and performed the same action on her. "I gave it to you."

She sucked his bottom lip into her mouth and flicked her tongue against it. Her eyes sparkled as she began walking backwards towards the stairs that led to their bedroom. "Is it weird that it turns me on?" She asked.

Peeta shook his head slowly from side to side and stepped out of his pants, kicking them off of his foot as he walked with her. "Is it wrong that it turns me on saying it?"

She shook her head from side to side and ripped her pants down her legs carrying them with her as she made her way up the steps letting them drop from her fingertips onto the railing. She felt his arm wrap around her waist when she got halfway up the landing and turned to him. Their lips met once again never breaking apart as they frantically removed the remainder of their undergarments.

Peeta lifted her up, her feet dangling six inches off of the ground, taking her the rest of the way up the stairs to their bedroom. He slid her body slowly down his, moaning into her mouth as the turgid tips of

her breasts scraped against his chest, sighing when her feet touched the ground.

Katniss reached behind her, bending slightly at the knees, pulling at the comforter until finally she turned and yanked them down. She climbed under the covers and Peeta quickly followed her lead. They lay on their sides facing one another, their hands roaming up and down their hips, waists, backs. Their lips brushing the across the other's. Both of them wanting something neither of them knew how to achieve.

Peeta trailed his fingers down her cleavage, drawing unseen patterns against her naked flesh with his artist's fingers. "Can I kiss you?"

She had no idea why he asked her that. He kissed her all the time. "You always kiss me, Peeta." Her voice was thick with emotion.

He traced his fingertip around one of her nipples and said, "Here."

She hadn't expected the simple request to cause a surge of fluid to course through her. A thousand butterflies seemed to have taken up residency in her stomach as she nodded her head in agreement.

He could see the panic flash in her eyes. "I don't have to if you don't want me to, Katniss." Peeta's lips were playing across her neck. "I won't do anything you don't want me to." The tip of his tongue was flicking her earlobe.

Katniss' hands began guiding his head downward. "I want you to."

He began pulling the covers down, but she instantly pulled them back up and over herself. He lifted his eyes to hers and asked, "Do you want me to keep you covered?"

It was silly, she knew that. They were married now. They were feeling each other's bodies at that very minute, but the thought of him exploring her with his eyes made her feel so self conscious. "Would you mind?" She turned her head to the side.

He placed his finger under her chin, gently forcing her to face him and placed a gentle kiss against her lips. "I told you. I won't do anything you don't want me to do. I'll stop right now if you ask me to."

Haymitch was right. She could live a hundred lifetimes and never deserve him. "I don't want you to stop."

A small smile lifted the corner of his lips as he said, "How about I go slowly?"

That was worse in her mind. She began shaking her head from side to side. "It sounds stupid, but...God, Peeta, I don't want to go slow."

He tried to hold back the smile. How he loved this woman. She was fearless...could face any signs of danger head on yet so shy when it came to her own personal needs. "Okay, then how about I ravish you?" He gave her a rakish grin.

She rolled her eyes at him and gave him a little chuckle as his head disappeared under the covers. Katniss sucked in a breath when she felt the heat of his breath against her breast. His mouth covered one of them and his hand gently tormented the other. "My God." Her fingers spread out then bunched up into tight little balls as he sucked on one peak then moved his lips to the other. She could feel a swelling between her legs. An emptiness that needed to be filled. "Peeta," she called out his name as she felt his body stir against her thigh. She had no idea it would be like this. No clue that her body could crave something so desperately. His tongue began to swirl, lap as he suckled at her wanting flesh. He lifted his head and pressed her

breasts closer together then began a torturous game, moving from one to the other, back and forth...back and forth. Katniss pounded her fists into the mattress and squeezed her legs together hoping to relieve some of the pressure that had built up there, but it only seemed to make it worse. She could feel his breath, like steam, against her skin causing the hair on the back of her neck to stand on end. She reached under the covers, threaded her fingers through his hair and pressed his mouth down onto the hardened peak he was currently devouring. She could hear his muffled moan; feel him vibrate under the covers at her actions.

He let her guide him to her other breast, the air was thick under the heavy comforter and he could barely breathe, but he didn't care. All Peeta was concerned with was the velvety smooth pillows of her body tipped with little gumdrops that he got to consume. He wrapped his lips around her taut nipple and suckled at it with renewed fervor. He could feel a heat radiating from between her legs against his thigh and he released a strangled, "Ahhh," against her skin. He trailed moist kisses up her chest, her throat and stopped at her lips. "Katniss. I don't know how much more I can take."

She looked into his eyes and saw that look, that intensity he had when he sketched only it was combined with his love for her. "I don't know what to do." It was her first time experiencing anything like this. She knew there were things that he'd want, but what they were...

"Can you..." he could feel the blush creeping up on his cheeks, "...Katniss I really want you to touch me."

She swallowed hard. 'You can do this, Katniss,' she told herself. She reached between them and brushed the back of her knuckles against him. His forehead pressed against hers as a little cry escaped from between his lips. She hadn't expected the first touch of his hardened

body to be so hot. She brushed her knuckles against him again only slower this time. She wondered how something so hard could feel so silky at the same time. She reached out and let her fingers trail up the side of it, examining it by touch and Peeta's jaw went slack. Katniss loved what she was able to do to him simply by touching him. It was like having complete power...control over him. She pressed her palm against him and wrapped her fingers around it, stroking it up and down. She could feel Peeta's body shuddering and suddenly her needs were no longer a priority. His were. "Tell me how to do this." He couldn't seem to speak. The man that was known for his words was speechless and Katniss loved the fact that she did that to him. She felt his hand travel down between them and wrap around hers. It guided hers up and down, in a physical display of what he needed then he let go. Katniss thought to herself, 'I've got it from here.' A wicked grin splashed across her lips as she watched her new husband's ever changing expressions.

"Katniss," he said between jerky breaths. "If you keep...doing that...oh Christ...I'm not going to last." One of his hands grabbed at her braid and the other at her breast.

Katniss leaned closer to him and whispered against his lips, "Good." She saw his eyes flash to hers and she knew what message she was sending to him. She didn't want him to last. She wanted him to reach the point of no return. The silky smoothness of his masculinity running through her hand was making her yearn for more, but her heart wanted to give pleasure to this man that she loved, so thoughts of her own needs were pushed aside as she continued on. She brushed her thumb over the tip of his erection and heard his guttural cry. She thought to herself, 'Now, I know what you like.' So she did it again and again. She could feel him swelling at the base as she stroked him and gave him a slight squeeze before bringing her hand all the way to the top again. His hips began pumping back and forth in time with the

movement of her hand which picked up speed.

Squeeze...stroke...brush of her thumb...squeeze...stroke...swirl of her fingers. "I love you, Peeta." With that her husband exploded onto her hand, his stomach and hers. Katniss watched his eyes as she gave him the ultimate pleasure and sighed. She had just witnessed the most beautiful thing on earth. She felt him soften slightly against her palm. Afraid to release him, she bit the corner of her lip and said, "I'm going to go ahead and assume I did that correctly."

Peeta let out a little burst of laughter saying, "Yeah. You did." He placed a kiss against her forehead and said, "Let me go get a warm washcloth for you."

She released her fingers one by one, regretting it as she let go and rolled onto her back as he went into their bathroom. She wondered what he looked like, she had seen the majority of his body in the arena, but not the part she had just become intimately involved with. It would be easy enough to simply dart her eyes towards him, glance in his direction to cure her curiosity. Truth be told, since the new Head Peacekeeper came to town and all of the punishments had been taking place, nudity no longer bothered her, but this was different. It wasn't nudity for medical purposes; it was something much more personal. She debated with herself over it for a minute or two and by the time she decided to stop acting like a baby and look at her husband he was already under the covers and cleaning her up.

Peeta tried not to be embarrassed over what had happened between him and Katniss. 'Why should you be?' He thought to himself. 'You're married to her now.' The fact remained, it was the first time they had ever done anything sexual, the first time he had ever done anything sexual with anyone and he wasn't quite sure how to handle it. He felt a lot of guilt over the fact that he reached his climax but Katniss didn't. He wasn't sure if girls could get there the same way guys could by

hand, he had never talked about sex with his dad and the only thing he knew about it was what he overheard from his brothers or the guys at school, so his knowledge was limited. He dropped the washcloth and the bath towel he used to clean up Katniss onto the floor by the bed and faced her. She was looking at him with a devilish grin and he had to admit, it made him feel a bit self conscious. "Why do you keep staring at me like that?"

Katniss gave her shoulder a little shrug. "I didn't realize I was staring at you in any particular way."

"You are," he moved closer to her and placed his hand on her hip. He thought about earlier, how he asked her if he could kiss her and it seemed to work, so he figured he'd try asking her again. "Katniss?"

"Mmmm hmmm," she answered through a soft smile.

"Um...can girls...does that happen...I mean I know it happens...but can you..." he sighed. "This isn't coming out right." He closed his eyes and fell onto his back.

Katniss propped herself onto her elbow and gave him a curious look. "What do you want to know?"

Peeta stared at the ceiling then turned his head to her. "I feel bad."

"Why?" This came as a complete surprise to her. She thought she had made him feel good.

"Honestly...I thought the first time I..." he blushed, "...you know...it would be because we made love. Not because you touched me. I guess I just wanted it to be good for you too."

She ran her hand down his cheek, placing a kiss against his lips.
"That was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced in my life."

"But you didn't...you know." He gave his head a little shake and said,
"What's wrong with me? Why can't I say the word orgasm?" He let out
a little laugh.

Katniss' smiled at him. "You just did. Feel better now?"

"Not really." He ran his hand down her hair and told her, "I'll feel better
when you actually have one."

She wrapped her arms around him and placed her head against his
chest. "This isn't a contest you know, Peeta? Whoever reaches climax
first wins." She felt his arms encircle her waist. "It'll happen when it
happens. We've got all night." She lifted her head and said, "We've got
the rest of our lives."

He placed a kiss against her head and said, "Still...I know how excited
you were when we came up here. I hate that I let you down."

"You didn't let me down, Peeta." She lifted her eyes to his. "I wanted to
do that for you. I could've stopped if I wanted to, but...watching
you...seeing how much joy I could give to you... We did make love,
Peeta and it was exquisite."

He traced his fingers over her lips and placed a kiss against them. "I
don't know what I ever did to deserve you, Katniss."

They stayed in that position for several minutes, simply staring at one
another. Katniss liked to call it, "Admiring the view."

Peeta took in her features, marveling at them one by one. The way
her eyes glistened like the lake when the sun hit the water just right,

the freckles that were sprinkled across the bridge of her nose, her full lips and her hair...it was so thick, so shiny. "Show me how to take your braid out." He wanted to run her soft brown tresses through his fingers.

Katniss tucked the blanket under her armpits and sat upright. She held the end of her braid, showing Peeta how the elastic band worked and how to remove it without yanking a bunch of her hair out. Then she taught him how to put it back in. "Want to try?" She had no clue why he wanted a lesson in grooming all of a sudden, but it seemed to make him happy so she was more than willing to cater to his wish.

"Yeah." He practiced a couple of times, yanked on her hair more than once to which she smacked him on the arm and winced, until he finally got the hang of it. When he was through he undid her braid and combed through her hair with his fingers. "Tomorrow you can teach me how to braid it."

For some odd reason his request made her smile. "Tomorrow you can wash it and braid it. How's that?"

"Sounds good." He leaned in and placed a kiss against her nose. He stared at her for a couple of seconds before confessing to her, "I find myself in a very peculiar situation here Mrs. Mellark."

Katniss' heart swelled when he used her new name as a term of endearment. "What's that?"

Peeta pulled his fingers through the ends of her hair, splaying it out over her shoulders. "I have this burning desire to watch you the way you watched me, but I'm not sure how you'll feel about it." He really hoped his directness wouldn't put her off.

She hadn't expected him to be so forward considering he seemed to be so nervous after she had pleased him. Katniss swallowed the huge lump that formed in her throat, took some deep cleansing breaths and succumbed to the tingling sensation his loving request caused. She would've said yes if she had trusted her voice, however, she wasn't sure anything would come out, so she simply lay down on her back and placed her arms at her sides.

Peeta smiled at her, knowing it was taking a lot for her to give in to him so readily. "I love you, Katniss."

Her body tingled beneath the covers as she waited for her wedding night to continue.

Catching Fire:

Rekindling Outtakes

Chapter 2: Letting

Go, a hunger games

fanfic | FanFiction

Summarize

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

By: Jamie Sommers

Chapter Two: Letting Go

This story continues from the last chapter. It is still Katniss and Peeta's wedding night (found in ch12 of Catching Fire: Rekindling). There is one more installment of their wedding night then it will move onto another section of CF:R. This story is told out of love and full of details so if you are not a believer of natural acts of passion DO NOT READ! If you are not above the age of 18 DO NOT READ! If you don't agree with K/P lemons DO NOT READ! If you want to find out how they got to this point, feel free to read my series. It starts with the 74th Hunger Games Challenge and continues with Catching Fire: Rekindling. If you like it, please feel free to leave a comment. If you don't, I will survive. Feel free to follow me on tumblr at jamiesommers23 dot tumblr dot com

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

Peeta tugged at the blankets Katniss had tucked under her arms. "I'm not trying to pull them down, Katniss," he reassured her, "I'd just like to be able to get closer to you." She was wrapped up like a butterfly in a cocoon.

Katniss lifted her arm to grant him access to her and slid it under the covers between them.

There were times over the past few months when she had imagined moments like this with Peeta. Times in which they allowed themselves

the freedom to love one another without worrying about the consequences, but they were always fantasies...something out of reach. Sure they had, on many occasions, experienced temptations from kissing one another. Their hands had become familiar with many parts of their bodies, other than the forbidden areas that led to situations such as these, but she and Peeta had always put a stop to their actions before they got out of hand. She was always berating herself for getting carried away afterwards too, but tonight she didn't have to worry about getting carried away. That was the whole point and though she was looking forward to not putting a stop to their physical expressions of love, she had to admit, she was a bit apprehensive at the thought of being alone in the quest to reach the ultimate pinnacle.

She closed her eyes in an attempt to let go of the tension that had instantly built up in her body. Trying her best to shut her rambling thoughts up. 'This is no big deal. You were practically begging him to touch you downstairs. Hell, you were digging your fingers into his scalp when he had his mouth on your...' "Oh..." She turned her head to the side in an effort to hide her rapidly blushing cheeks from Peeta.

"Hey," Peeta could see that she was putting herself through hell. "If you don't want to do this, we don't have to." But, God how he wanted to.

Katniss gave her head a quick shake and said, "No. It's okay. I'm just a little..." she still couldn't face him.

Peeta ran his hand over her bare shoulder, down her arm and over her clenched fist. He pulled her fingers out of their deadly little grip and slid his through them. He lay on his side close to her and rested his head on the same pillow. "Why don't we take it slow this time?"

"No," she thought it would be best if they just jumped right in and got it over with. She quickly turned her face to his for a passionate kiss, but the moment her tongue entered his mouth, he pulled away.

'We're going slowly whether you like it or not, Katniss,' Peeta thought to himself. He intentionally held his lips away from hers.

She gave him a curious stare, wondering why he pulled away then Peeta moved in slowly. Again when she pushed her tongue into his mouth he tugged his head away from hers. She wondered what game he was playing at. What he was trying to do.

'You only get one wedding night, Katniss,' he thought to himself, 'so I'm going to make it a night you'll remember forever.' He brushed his open lips against hers; ready to withdraw again if she initiated anything further. Thankfully she didn't.

Katniss could feel her pulse beginning to race as Peeta's mouth brushed against hers. She was tempted to grab his face and make him kiss her, but she was afraid he might back off again so she let him take control of the kiss. Not an easy thing to do for her. She could feel the warmth of his breath against her skin with each passing of his lips. His fingers, which were entwined with hers, released their hold and slowly traveled back up her arm, slightly across the side of her plump breast finally resting lightly against her throat.

"Relax, Katniss," Peeta's voice sounded like a melody on a breeze. "You're so tense." He brushed her hair off of her shoulder. He ran his lips over her cheek...the edges of her lips...her jaw... Peeta knew why Katniss was getting so stressed. Why the woman that gave him a devilish grin after bringing him such pleasure was reverting into a timid girl. "Don't be afraid Katniss."

"I'm not afraid." When the words left her mouth she wasn't sure if she was saying them to convince Peeta or herself.

Peeta brushed the hair on his forehead against hers. "It's okay if you are, but you don't need to be. I'm just kissing you."

Katniss continued telling herself there was nothing to be afraid of. "Why would I be scared, Peeta?" Where his voice was soft, low and breathy, hers was even and conversational.

He honestly didn't know if he should tell her what was going through his head...if he should make her face her fears or if he should continue letting her live a life of delusion. Peeta opted for the truth. He ducked his head towards the side and trailed tender little pecks across her face, going from one side to the other, speaking between each kiss. "Because...you like...to be...in charge...of every...situation." His lips landed on hers. His eyes remained opened as he waited and watched for her response.

'Does he think I'm on some kind of power trip?' She thought to herself. "That's not true. I like it when...oh..." Peeta grazed his knuckles along the side of her breast.

He watched her lashes flutter close and let the back of his fingertips reach out, barely touching her already stiff nipple. "You like it when...what, Katniss?" He urged her to finish her statement while his lips crawled along her collarbone.

She couldn't think clearly anymore. Peeta was asking her something, but dear God she had no idea what it was. How was she expected to concentrate on anything when he kept teasing her this way? She gripped the sides of his head and began pressing his face downward towards her aching bosom.

Peeta lifted his head away from her and tenderly said, "No, Katniss."

"No?" Was he actually turning her away? "Don't you want me?"

He smiled down into her eyes and told her, "More than I want my next breath, but...I want you to let me do this for you, Katniss." There was a gentle pleading tone in his voice. "I know you want to control what's happening here, but I promise...if you give me a chance... All I want is for you to give yourself up to me." He swept the hair that started to cling to her cheeks away from her face. "In the past, you've allowed me to take the reins every now and then when it came to taking care of you, but only when you needed to." He confessed to her, "Katniss, you can't tell me you haven't known you were the one controlling this relationship...you've always had power over me."

Katniss let her eyes drift to the side at his words. She had loved relinquishing little bits of her life's worries over to Peeta, but only when it suited her. In the back of her mind she always knew she could put an end to that in a split second. He was right about their relationship too. She was the one that told him to propose to her on national television, she was the one that finally admitted she wanted to marry him and when she did, instead of planning something *with* him she set up a wedding without his knowledge expecting him to fall in line. "Peeta...it's not that I can't lose...let myself..." She looked at him as she tripped over her obvious falsehoods.

"No, Katniss...you can't," he laughed a little. "You have no idea how to let yourself go. How to put yourself in someone else's hands and simply enjoy the feeling of..." he sighed. "...freedom." Peeta began to run his lips against her jaw line. "I'm not complaining." He let out a hot breath next to her lips. "I love who you are." Another breath against her ear. "For the most part...it drives me wild." He pressed his arousal against her thigh as if proving his point. "But right now..." He flicked

the tip of his tongue against her earlobe. "...I'm asking you to let yourself go." He took her chin into his mouth and gave it a little suck. "Let me set you free because I want you to. Not because you need me to." He swept his fingertips against the searing mound between her legs.

With every touch of his lips against her skin, every word that reached her ears, Katniss felt herself succumbing to Peeta's wish. Once she did, there would be no going back, she would no longer be the one in charge in their relationship. This moment, though she didn't know it at the time, would set the tone for their entire marriage. They would be equals on every level. Katniss lifted her eyes to Peeta's and felt her heart race at the sound of her own voice when she spoke in a husky tone, "Set me free, Peeta." She had expected him to plunge his tongue deep into her mouth, that's what she wanted; instead he tickled the tip of his against hers. Tantalizing her mouth into satisfying compliance. She could feel her jaw going slack as his fingers danced their way up and down her torso, spreading them out between her breasts, never touching her where she was burning to be touched. Her toes began curling and uncurling into the sheets. Her fingers doing the same.

Peeta noticed her little whimpers had disappeared. All the moans...tiny cries of pleasure that he'd heard so many times before, were no longer there. He studied her expression as his fingers mapped out her body beneath their blankets. Her eyes were tightly closed, her nostrils continually flaring and the way she was biting her lip made him think it would start bleeding at any minute. "Katniss," he whispered to her as his palm grazed the tense point of her right breast repeatedly. 'If anyone's going to bite your lip, it's going to be me,' he thought to himself. He flicked the tip of his tongue across the white spot her teeth were causing from clenching her lip between them. "Kiss me," he whispered to her.

The moment she released her lip a strangled cry reverberated through their bedroom, "Peeeeetaah."

He lapped at her tongue with his, slowly, deftly until their lips began to swell. He could feel her entire body squirming under the blankets; see her hands fighting to make their way towards her breasts. He rolled his body onto hers in an attempt to stop her from satisfying her own needs then ran both of his hands down her arms and grasped hers gently, pulling both of her arms above her head. He rested his forehead against hers. "Stay this way for me. Hang onto the headboard if you have to." He didn't want her to touch herself. More than that, he was too tempted to pull one of her hands between them so she could touch him once again.

Katniss gazed up into his eyes and nodded. Her mouth hung open occasionally brushing Peeta's as he spoke to her. She loved the sound of his voice. It sent shivers down her spine. "Peeta?" She didn't know if it was an odd request or not. At this point in time, she didn't particularly care. "Can you talk to me?"

Peeta's breathing had turned into deep, heated pants. "What do you want me to say?" He ground himself against her and ran his hands down her hips, lifting her up to him.

"Aaaaaa...anything." She flicked the tip of her tongue against his lips. "I want to..." jerky breaths had become the norm, "...hear your voice."

He ran the flat of his hand up her body and cupped the side of her breast. "My, God your skin is soft." he flicked his thumb over her taut nipple.

She ran her foot up and down his muscular calf. "Oh, God, Peeta." Her body was becoming flush with excitement. The weight of him pressing her into the mattress felt impossibly good. "Keep talking," she

requested in a husky tone. The sound of his voice caused goose bumps to spread out across her skin and she couldn't get enough of it.

Peeta's eyes were glued to her when he told her, "I don't want to stop touching you." To prove it he ran one hand down around her waist and gripped her hip, the other concentrated on her soft breast with the turgid tip. "Whenever I touch you..." the air was getting thicker with each word he spoke between them, "...I go crazy." He ground his erection into her thigh and felt the muscles in her legs flex. "I can barely breathe, Katniss."

Her fingers dug into the pillow underneath her head, she wrapped both of her legs around his calves, tucking her feet beneath them and quaked as she felt the heat of his arousal being pressed against her causing a warm, tingling sensation to shoot between her legs.

Her nipples tightened into little pebbles at his desperate confession, "Katniss I want you so badly."

She had never, in all of her life, craved anything as much as she did the man on top of her. "I want you too."

Peeta's desire to bury himself deep within her grew out of control. There was nothing in this world he wanted more than to feel her feminine heat surround his pulsating member, but this wasn't about his needs. This was about her. This was about Katniss' needs. He lifted slightly off of her, moving his body downward in order to pull himself away. He dragged his moist lips across her throat, down her neck and over her shoulder. From the sounds that were escaping from Katniss and the puckered ends of her milky white mounds, he knew she was aching for him as much as he was for her. He bathed her soft padded flesh, circling her nipple, with his tongue then finally latching on as his fingers gently tugged at the other. The scent of her lavender bath soap was accentuated by her body's heat and filled him with a exhilarating

awareness of how feminine Katniss could be when she allowed it. He quickly took both of her breasts in his hands, cupping them, brushing their tips with the pads of his thumbs. He sucked one into his mouth, leaving it moist and engorged then moved onto the other nipping at it with the edges of his teeth.

Katniss' entire body was wriggling beneath Peeta's with a longing she could no longer keep hold of. The feel of his hands...his mouth on her was causing her body to cry out. It was desperately in search of the answer to a mystery. She didn't know what the answer was but oh, how she wanted it. She pressed her feet flat against the mattress, arched her back, reached upwards, grabbing onto the headboard, threw her head back and called out his name, "Peeeeetaaa!" as he pressed her breasts closer together...moving...darting his tongue over one then the other in rapid succession. "Peeta please? Please?" Katniss was begging him to end this magical torture.

Peeta could hear the drumming of her heart in succession with his. "Katniss..." his swollen lips captured hers. "I want to touch you," he spoke into her mouth, "but I don't know how." He kissed her again and felt her hips rising upwards. "Tell me, Katniss." His hand slowly traveled past her ribcage. "Tell me how to touch you..." He pressed his palm against her flat stomach. "...how to make you feel good." His fingers threaded through her downy patch and curved between her thighs.

The instant Peeta's hand reached their destination; Katniss threw her head to the side. She could barely breathe. The contradiction of the cool night air to the thick, dense current flowing between her and Peeta's faces, was striking. She could feel the tips of Peeta's fingers gliding up and down the outside of her slit, but she wanted him inside. She instantly understood why Peeta couldn't speak when their roles were reversed earlier. Katniss was certain her vocal chords had gone

missing. She released the headboard that her fingers had been digging into, plunged her hand beneath the covers, causing one of her nipples to peek out as the blankets pulled slightly down, and wrapped her hand around Peeta's. She tucked his fingers inside of her and let out a strangled, "Aaaah," when he spread her slightly open.

Peeta stared down at Katniss, reveling in her pleasure. 'My God,' he thought. 'You're beautiful.' He could feel her attempt at trying to maneuver his hand, but she had come this far without taking over the situation and he was determined to keep it that way. "Move your hand, Katniss." His eyes darted downward glimpsed the rosy tip atop her white flesh. He was momentarily distracted by its beauty until he felt her pushing his fingers further into her so he pulled his hand away, captured hers and lifted it up to the headboard. The look of shock on her face brought a smile to his. Before she could say anything he flicked the tip of his tongue against the perfect breast that had been taunting him and let his hand travel back down between her legs. "Don't show me, Katniss." He breathed against her puckered skin. "Tell me." He spread her velvety folds open with two fingers and ran the middle one up and down listening to her reaction. When he reached the little nub and heard her whimper, felt her grind herself against his finger, he knew he had found a pleasure zone. 'There you go. Keep telling me,' he thought to himself as he explored her femininity. 'What else do you like, Katniss?' He studied her face, her hands, the pulse pounding at her throat as he pushed a finger inside of her. When she let go of the headboard and punched at the mattress, he thought, 'Okay, now we're getting somewhere.' He held his finger inside of her, taking in the liquid warmth that surrounded him. The silky smooth center of her body. He began to slide it out of her and noticed her shoulders shimmy against the bed. The corner of his lip lifted in a half grin. He pushed his finger inside of her and her body pushed back. 'I got it now,' he smiled down at her. In and out...in

and out, he let his finger slide up her slit concentrating on that little nub again and Peeta's eyes dilated when he heard Katniss' words.

"Dear God, what am I letting you do to me?" She had never felt so wonderfully manipulated in her entire life. At that moment Peeta could have anything...do anything to her and she would've allowed it. She was putty in his hands.

Peeta could feel her heat radiating against the palm of his hand. He slipped another finger between her swollen folds, captured one of her pink peaks with his lips...sucking it deep inside of his mouth and felt her lips pressing hard atop of his head.

Katniss was desperate to grasp hold of him and press his face harder against her wanting breasts. She fought to keep her hands off of him like he had asked. The need to throw him onto his back and feel him deep inside of her was more than she could stand, but she battled the desperation to manage the situation and allowed him to take her on his journey. It was as though he was leading her to a cliff and left her teetering at the edge of it. The question was, which way would she go? Would she fall with him or would she take the safe path...go her own way?

He could hear her gasp for air as he moved his lips to her other breast and gently squeezed that little nub between her moist crease. He knew this was the spot that would take her where he wanted her to go. His fingers manipulated it as his mouth took turns between her lips and her breasts. He could feel his own desire burning for her. He pressed himself against her leg with the intention of relieving some of his tension only to find out that the warmth of her thigh, the softness of her flesh against his was just as erotic as the touch of her hand. "Oh, God." The words escaped from him between frantic tries for air. He

pushed his fingers inside of her, pulled them out, and ran them over her swelling clit, then back inside again.

"Yes, Peeta! Yes!" Katniss began pumping her hips up and down against his hand out of pure animal instinct. She grabbed hold of his face and begged him to, "Kiss me. Please, Peeta." She barely got his name out before his mouth was devouring hers. His tongue plunging...swirling...dipping. His fingers between her legs, pushing...pumping...teasing. She could feel him moving his digits in and out of her, but she wanted it all so she asked, "Can you..." air was suddenly a luxury, "...can you rub that spot at the same time?" Oh, how she hoped he could.

Peeta looked into her smoky eyes and watched her as he turned the palm of his hand upward, leaving his fingers inside of her and began maneuvering his thumb over her aching desire. "Like this?" He asked, knowing full well that's what she wanted. He could feel her fingers digging into his scalp as he rested his forehead against hers. His nose was brushing up against her nose. Their lips a hair apart. The rhythm of his hand became a graceful dance between her thighs. His fingers gliding in and out, his thumb had suddenly become the paintbrush and she his canvas.

Katniss was standing on a precipice. There was a choice to be made. She could follow her instincts as she had her entire life or take Peeta's journey into the great unknown. Her toes dangled on the edge of the cliff Peeta had brought her to with the safe, flat earth at her back and Peeta's unknown below her.

He could feel the walls of her tightening around him. He needed to watch her. To see what she had seen when she did this for him. "Open your eyes, Katniss. Look at me." Shimmering silver eyes met sky blue ones. "I love you, Katniss Mellark. I love you."

She had expected to fall over the edge instead she was lifted to a place she never dreamed existed. Katniss moved her lips as she let herself soar into the safe, secure arms of the man who spent his life adoring her.

Peeta watched as her body convulsed. Felt her legs tremble, her hips rise up and up, pressing him harder against her flesh. He saw her lips move, forming the words, "I love you," as her orgasm took over her entire body. It was the most remarkable thing he had ever experienced in his life.

She was slowly floating down from her high, never quite touching the ground. There was more to be had, more that she needed from him and from the look on Peeta's face he needed her too. Katniss slowly nodded her head, granting permission to his unasked question. She could feel the rigid evidence of his desire sliding up her leg then resting between her thighs against her feathery patch. The feeling of emptiness that consumed Katniss, when Peeta's fingers left her body shook her to her very core. She could feel him gently moving one of her thighs to the right. The other to the left. Leaving her ready and anxiously awaiting his entrance.

Peeta held himself just at her opening; common sense invaded his wanton thoughts. "Katniss, I don't want to get you pregnant." He couldn't. The thought of their child going into the arena was almost enough to make him swear off love making for the rest of his life...almost. He slid the tip of his aching manhood between her silken folds. The electrical sensations that ran through his body had him quaking from head to toe. He rested his forehead against hers as he pushed deeper inside of her. "Please don't get pregnant," he begged no one in particular as he slid all the way in.

Katniss could hear what he was saying, she knew what to do, but the words weren't coming. "Peet...aaah...aaah..." she dug her fingers into his upper arms as he held himself inside of her. There should've been pain, but there wasn't. Perhaps her vigorous lifestyle, her many scrapes, falls, even the physical damage she went through in the arena could've rid her body of the thin membrane that should've prevented his easy entrance. She didn't care why it was gone, she was simply grateful the pain she knew would come with her first time, wasn't tainting the overwhelming pleasure of it. The feeling of him sliding almost all the way out of her, then back in again was causing her whole body to ripple with delight. When he pushed down, she met him with her eager thrust. When he pulled away, she pulled too. She didn't know where the words came from, but they spilled out of her, "Don't finish inside of me. You have to take it out."

Peeta gripped both of her hips and pulled them up to meet his. He held her there softly grinding himself inside of her. He swallowed hard. "You won't get pregnant? Will that work?" At this point he didn't care if it worked or not.

"I don't know...I think so." She really didn't give a shit if it did or didn't. All she was concerned with was the way he made her feel at that moment in time. She ran her hands down his back and rested them against the apples of his buttocks, encouraging him to push himself deeper into her.

"Katniss," he whispered her name hoarsely as he plunged a hand through her hair and took her mouth on a wicked journey. When he felt her legs wrap around him he reached down and grabbed hold of one of her thighs...squeezing...pulling as his body moved back and forth in time with hers.

Katniss ran her hands up the sides of his body. She could feel the muscles in his back flexing over and over again. She scraped her nails over his shoulder blades then held on as he sank deep inside of her. She felt like she was experiencing the worst pain of her life, but it was like no other pain she had felt before. She wanted this...craved it...her desperate need for more had her begging for it. "Please! Dear God! Peeta!" She had never hurt so good.

In one swift move he rolled them onto their sides so they could face each other, never breaking their intimate connection. Their arms wrapped around the other's body, their mouths a fiery storm of lips, tongues and teeth. He could feel the perspiration that had built up on their stomachs as their torsos fought to get closer...melting into each other. Then he felt her swell all around him. He could feel her muscles contracting and a rush of fluid pouring down around him with each of their loving strokes. She moaned into his mouth as her body twitched and jerked. He ripped his mouth away from hers. "I love you...love you."

Katniss felt like the most intimate part of her body was letting out a high pitched squeal. She knew now that this was what she had been yearning for. This feeling of completion. She squeezed her legs and ground herself against Peeta, wanting to take as much as he was willing to give. When she was sure it was almost over she heard his profession of love and it started all over again. The muscles in her lower abdomen tightly clenched. The sweet swelling of her femininity...a liquid rush...the strong spasms concentrated on the center of her being. "I love you, Peeta," it came out over and over again through her heated breath. She could feel him getting larger, the sense of being full quickly flashed through her mind. She heard him as he grunted...felt his fingers clawing at her bottom...trying to get deeper into her. She could see his once blond hair, now dark and

stuck to his forehead from the sweat that had broken out across his brow. Her breath caught in her chest when his eyes bore into hers.

Peeta clenched his teeth. The thought of ripping himself from her at this moment was unbearable.

Katniss couldn't stand the thought of him leaving her. She wanted him to stay inside of her...to feel what she had felt.

Peeta pulled himself out at the last possible moment and spilled himself onto their stomachs. He threw his head back and let out a throaty moan.

Katniss held onto him, pressed herself against him as she felt the heat of his orgasm flowing between their bodies. She understood now. She understood how the people in the districts, that were threatened by starvation...by the threat of the Games... by the power of the Capitol... Katniss now knew why these people allowed themselves to have a child. 'And God forgive me,' she thought to herself. 'I'm one of them.'

They lay on their sides, taking in deep swallows of the cool air that surrounded them. As their hearts and pulses returned to normal they began thinking about what they had just done.

"You okay?" Peeta pushed a piece of her hair behind her ear.

"Yeah," Katniss answered in a positive way, but truthfully she wasn't sure if she was okay or not. Her eyes drifted towards their bedroom window, staring at the moon through the sheer fabric that hung over the large picturesque glass.

"What's going through your head, Katniss?" Peeta could tell she had something on her mind. He only hoped she didn't have any regrets about their actions, or worse yet, marrying him.

She looked at the twinkling stars, the dark sky and thought about the thousands of starving children in their country that would have their lives put in danger for the Capitol's entertainment in just a few short months. "We can't have kids, Peeta."

He swallowed the regret that instantly formed in his throat and said, "I know." He hoped with all his might they didn't make a mistake tonight. "We probably shouldn't have done that, huh?"

Katniss turned her head slowly towards his and said, "Don't say that." She ran her hand down his cheek and rested it against his chest. "I'm in no way sorry for what we just did...at all," she gave him a tender, loving smile. "That was incredible, but...I will admit..." she sighed, "...during...I honestly didn't care one way or the other whether or not I got pregnant and..." she turned her head into the pillow to hide her shame.

"I get it," he placed a kiss against her head. "I felt the same way." He held onto her, watching the shadows play against the wall. "The first year I stood in the square for the reaping, I wondered how anyone could have a kid. I didn't get it." She lifted her face to his. "I do now though. I'm not saying I want one...but I understand how it can happen."

"We have to figure something out, Peeta. Talk to Effie...Portia...someone." She hated the fact that the Capitol outlawed birth control in the districts under the guise that they were trying to keep up the population of the nation, when everyone knew it was a form of punishment for the rebellion that occurred so many years ago.

"What about your mom?" Peeta asked. "Can't she help?"

Katniss shook her head. "The herbs and roots she would've given to me are in the woods and now that the fence is on..." She didn't have to finish her sentence.

"Oh..." Peeta let out a sigh. "Should we...I mean...maybe we shouldn't..." He didn't even want to suggest that they not express their love for one another again.

"What?" Katniss smiled up at him. "Shouldn't do this again?" She let out a little laugh. "Yeah...like that's going to happen."

Peeta chuckled a little and said, "Okay. Dumb idea." He thought for a few minutes then asked, "Do you think...I mean...the way we did it...will that work? Think it'll prevent you from getting pregnant?"

Katniss lifted a one of her shoulders and said, "My mom talked to me about it last week. She said one season when the woods were too dangerous to enter and they didn't have access to any herbs or roots that's what she and my dad did." Katniss gave Peeta a blank stare and said, "Needless to say...it was an awkward conversation."

Peeta let out a little laugh and said, "Well, at least we know it worked."

Katniss played with the ends of Peeta's hair, curling it around her finger and said, "It did for the majority of the year and then..." she sighed, "...Prim."

"Oh," Peeta let his eyes travel to the side. He began letting his mind race. 'The next time you see Effie you better talk to her and see about getting her to sneak you some type of birth control for Katniss. She'll do it. Effie will do anything to help us.'

They lay there quietly for several minutes before Katniss finally said, "Know what? I'm tired of acting like we just killed someone because we made love to each other on our wedding night." She kissed his chin and said, "Personally, I'm feeling pretty content right now...starving, but content."

"You're hungry?" He smiled at her.

"Yup. So why don't you get me something to wear and we can go eat that food mom and Prim brought us?"

He got up and this time she didn't divert her eyes as he walked to his dresser and pulled out a pair of his pajamas. He pulled on the bottoms and threw the shirt to her. "Here. I'll use the downstairs bathroom to clean up. You can use this one."

She went into their bathroom to freshen up then met him at their kitchen table for their first meal together as husband and wife. It was cold, the floor and table was a bit sticky from the spilt grape juice, but the food was scrumptious. Peeta made her a cup of mint tea, spoon fed her some lemon tart, but she preferred eating it directly from his fingers. Katniss had never known food could be used as a form of foreplay before.

When they were through Peeta carried Katniss up to bed and held her as she fell asleep. He watched her sleep, then gathered the papers the mayor had left with them earlier. Peeta hid them amongst something in the spare bedroom he used as an art studio. He had gotten engrossed in one of the portraits he had painted while they were on their Victory Tour.

"Peeta?" The sound of Katniss' voice pulled him from his memories.

"Hey," he went to her and held her hands in his. "Did you have a nightmare?"

"No," she shook her head. "I rolled over and you weren't there," she paused. "Did *you* have a nightmare?"

Peeta's heart felt like it was overflowing with jubilation. "No," he threaded his fingers through her hair and stepped closer to her. "But I'm pretty sure I'm dreaming." He had to be. "Katniss? Did yesterday really happen?"

She placed her palms against his chest and lifted her face to his. "Yeah. It did." She said it as though she couldn't believe it herself. "You're my husband."

"My wife," Peeta kissed her. "Mrs. Katniss Mellark," he breathed against her lips and felt her whole body shudder.

"Say it again," she whispered hoarsely. Originally she hadn't wanted to take his name until she heard her new name rolling off of his tongue. The sound of it did wondrous things to her insides.

Peeta smiled before kissing her once more. He whispered into her mouth, "Mrs. Katniss Mellark." He heard her whimper and felt her fingers digging into his skin. He pulled her face away from his and stared into her stormy eyes, "I love you, Mrs. Katniss Mellark."

"Prove it," she whispered against his lips.

And their wedding night continued on.

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes Chapter 3: It's Just a Fantasy, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction

Summarize

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

By: Jamie Sommers

Chapter Three: It's Just a Fantasy

**Sorry for the delay, but I have been so caught up in writing
Catching Fire: Rekindling, that this had to be put on the back
burner. This is the final segment of their wedding night series.**

Again this is rated *M for MATURE! DO NOT READ if you're under 18*. If you don't like physical acts of love, don't read it! If you think Katniss and Peeta were blessed with two children in Mockingjay from immaculate conception... You get the picture.

Again this goes hand in hand with *Catching Fire: Rekindling*, part of a trilogy that I am writing, but feel free to read it on its own as well. If you'd like to read the trilogy may I suggest starting at the beginning with 74th Hunger Games Challenge!

Thank you to those of you that read and review. I am grateful. And I ask for forgiveness with this chapter as I only have one beta for this story and A went on vacation. THE NERVE! ;-) What do you say we go ahead and read...

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

The sight of her wearing his pajama shirt sent shivers down Peeta's spine. "How do you expect me to prove my love for you?" The questions came out with a mixture of seduction and wit in his voice.

Katniss stepped backwards and held onto his hands. "You could clean the house."

"I already clean the house," Peeta walked forward as she walked backwards towards their bedroom.

"That's not true," Katniss turned her back to him. "I cleaned when your hand was hurt."

"Katniss, that was awhile ago and it lasted all of a week." The seduction was gone and now they were in the middle of a playful banter. "You do help with the dishes though...when we're at your mom's house."

"Okay, we've established that I'm going to be a horrible housewife." Katniss was fine with that, she had other skills.

"We knew that going into this marriage," Peeta grinned. "I believe the deal was, you hunt, I cook...now that the woods are off limits...what are you going to do?"

Katniss walked into their bedroom, lifted her head to the ceiling as though she were in thought and said, "I can go to the butcher and buy the meat."

"Ooooh," Peeta wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. "Are you going to put an arrow through it and pretend you shot it too?"

She tilted her head to the side and pressed her back against his chest. "If it'll get you to cook, then yes."

He trailed kisses up her neck between his laughter. "Why don't we both cook?"

"I'm a horrible cook, but I'll try." She reached behind her and threaded her fingers through his hair. "I don't mind gardening."

"Good, I hate it." Peeta turned her to face him. "All that digging and planting and weeding...I'll do it, but I hate it."

Katniss ran her hands over his shoulders and down his arms. "I'll make the bed."

"The last person up can make the bed," Peeta suggested.

"Good idea," she kissed his collarbone. "I'll help with the dishes since you're going to cook."

"We're both going to cook, Katniss," he chuckled against her hair.

"Don't make me accidentally poison you, Peeta." Katniss trailed her fingers around his waistband. "I'm too young to be a widow."

Peeta lifted her up and placed her on the bed. "I'll make sure you taste test all my food first," he grinned.

"Very smart," she pulled him on top of her.

"You married a brilliant man, Katniss." He flicked the top button of her shirt open.

"Oh, I know I did. You've talked me into gardening, cooking, cleaning, making the bed...about the only thing I haven't agreed to is doing laundry," Katniss kissed his bottom lip...his top lip, then brushed her nose against his. "And that I refuse to do."

"No problem. I will do the laundry." He unbuttoned the next button. "I'll start with your favorite shirt. Don't know how I'll get grape juice out of it, but I shall do my very best." He placed a soft kiss against her lips.

"Mmmm." She smiled tenderly at him. "That would most certainly prove your love for me."

He rolled off of her and said, "Well, then I guess I'm done here," and laughed.

"Hey." She straddled his lap. "Where do you think you're going?"

"To sleep." He folded his hands beneath his head. "All I have to do is wash your shirt to prove my love so..." his flirtatious smile was followed up with a chuckle.

"Peeta," Katniss tried to glare at him, but she was having too much fun. "It would be a shame if I had to cause you bodily harm. You just

got used to that new leg...I don't want to have to rip it off and beat you with it."

Peeta let out a burst of laughter and wrapped his arms around her. "Come here."

Katniss felt his chest rumbling beneath her and the sound of his melodic laughter echoing in her ear. "You think I'm kidding?" She smiled against his cheek. "If I were you, I'd kiss me and try to change my mind."

"You're forgetting something very important, Katniss." His arms were wrapped around her. "If you rip my leg off, then you'll be forced to take care of me which means you'll have to do the laundry."

She pushed herself up and stared into his face. "Damn." She glared at him. "Now how am I going to get you to kiss me?"

"Poor, Katniss." His apologetic tone matched his randy expression. "You're in quite a pickle here." He folded his hands behind his head. "The way I see it, I've already figured out how to prove my love for you by washing your favorite shirt, so..." he twisted his face a little then said, "...there's really no reason for me to do anything else for you unless..."

Her smile was gone. Her face was stone. "Unless what?"

"Unless you ask me." Peeta knew she was getting impatient, but he was having way too much fun with her to stop now.

She sat up, straddling his lap and said, "What do you expect me to ask you for?" She was wondering if he expected her to beg him to make love to her, because she wasn't going to do it. In fact, she was pretty close to saying to hell with this and going back to sleep.

"For starters, you could ask me for that kiss you want." Her lips looked so good, so irresistibly tempting and... Peeta sat up, his mouth a breath away from hers. "Please ask me to kiss you Katniss, because I want to kiss you so badly?"

A second ago she was ready to go to sleep; now she didn't think she'd ever sleep again. Her heart had jumped from her chest into her throat in the blink of an eye. "If you want to kiss me then kiss me."

Peeta shook his head and cupped her cheeks in his hands. "Don't you get it? I want to hear you say it...to hear you tell me what you want."

"Oh," the word barely came out. It had never occurred to her that he needed to hear things like that. She had always assumed that the physical nature of things was enough, but Peeta wanted more. He needed more. "Peeta," she whispered against his lips as her fingers danced up and down his spine, "I want you to kiss me." Soft, slow pecks was how he started and it was driving her crazy with desire. She wanted much more than that, so she asked him for it. With a tilt of her head and a deep throaty moan she plunged her fingers through his hair and begged him to, "Kiss me, Peeta. Kiss me."

There was nothing gentle about the way he kissed her. No shy tendencies getting in the way of the passion he felt for her as he plunged his hand into her hair and pushed her head closer to him. Her mouth tasted like a combination of sleep, warm milk, honey and spice. Her lips were full and moist and his body instantly responded to the little whimpers escaping between their kiss.

There was instant warmth flowing through her extremities at the feel of his desire for her. She wrapped her legs around him, squeezing them tight against his waist, urging him to press himself against her. She could feel the sinewy muscles in his arms as they roamed up her back, the way his shoulders flexed when he reached beneath her

shirt. Her arms reached for the sky allowing him to rid her of the pajama shirt, any of the fears she had experienced earlier in the night about nudity were long gone and in its place was an enormous amount of love and desire. More than that, there was trust. "Peeta," her whisper came out against the kiss he continued the moment she was rid of her garment, "take these off." She tugged at the waistband of his pajama pants. It didn't take much for them to strip themselves and take up the same position of her sitting on his lap.

"What would you like me to do, Katniss?" Peeta spoke against her neck.

"I don't know." She didn't. This experience was completely new yet very exciting. "I like it when you touch my back."

"Like this?" His fingers roamed up and down her spine. "Or like this?" He rubbed his hands around her back in little circles.

"The first way," Katniss dropped her head onto his shoulder and felt a tingle each time the tips of his fingers made patterns up and down the center of her back. "Yeah," her shoulders became tight with pleasure, "like that."

"What else?" Peeta wanted to discover her intimate secrets. Learn what made her shiver, made her sigh, more than that, he wanted to teach her things about herself that she never knew. He ran his hands around her thighs, up her hips and around her ribs. He smiled when he felt her jerk and let out a little giggle. There wasn't a spot on her silky skin that he didn't explore with his hands, taking heed of her reaction.

She threw her head back and held onto his shoulders. "There." Her legs were quivering when he ran his hands up her thighs.

"Where? Here?" He rubbed the top part of her legs. "Or here?" He could tell from the way her breasts began to pucker that it was her inner thighs she wanted him to stroke.

Katniss felt like Peeta was performing some form of erotic examination of her body, taking note of each spot that left her trembling, hot and yearning for more. She reached between them, lifting herself up and positioning him to enter her in a slow and languid motion. Never in her life had she felt so loved, so wanted as she did in his arms. Their lovemaking was a flowing expression of their hearts, a leisurely pace of graceful motion leading them to the point of no return. She arched her back, her head hanging, her hair brushing against their bedding between Peeta's legs and just as she reached her peak she felt his hand spread out between her breasts, pressing against her heart causing her to squeeze the muscles in her legs and call out into the night while her body exploded around him.

He watched her respond to his touch...his kiss and the moment she arched backwards and pressed herself against him, pushing him deeper inside of her, he was lost in her splendor. He sandwiched her between the palms of his hands, in the center of her back, holding her up so she wouldn't collapse onto the bed and the other pressing against the loud thudding beats coming from her chest. Peeta could feel the liquid rush of her femininity pouring over his arousal and pressed his cheek against her chest before surrendering himself completely. He had to physically lift her off of him so he wouldn't release his seed inside of her, regretting the action, wanting desperately to lose himself deep within her.

They stayed that way for a few minutes, Katniss relaxed, her arms stretched out to the sides, her back arched and Peeta curled over her with his head resting between her breasts. Noises were filtering in through the open window. The resonance of crickets, a slight breeze

whispering through the leaves of the trees, a hooting owl and the soft shuffle of their drapes blowing with the wind competed with the echo of their breathing.

After they got themselves back together and dressed for bed, Peeta held Katniss in his arms and asked in a hesitant tone, "Do you mind that I did that?"

She snuggled against his chest feeling more relaxed than she had in...ever. "Did what? Make love to me?"

"No," Peeta grinned. "Asked you what you wanted."

She trickled her fingers up and down his stomach from his navel to his waistband. "No...I guess not."

He felt the need to explain his actions to her. "I learned a lot about you tonight."

"You did?"

"Mmmmm hmmm," he grinned and kissed the top of her head.

"Like?" Katniss wondered.

"Like...your back is very sensitive when I touch it in the right spot. You like it when I nibble your earlobe, but not the rest of your ear." He could feel her smiling against his chest. "I know you're ribs are ticklish, but only on one side, the other side..." He smiled, "...you like it when I hold you there and brush my thumb under your breast."

Katniss had no clue about these things, but she found them quite interesting. "Anything else?"

"Lots," Peeta squeezed her. "When I kissed your shoulders...I swear you melted around me and you like it a lot when I tease you."

She lifted her face to his. "Tease me?"

He wagged his brows, "Oh, yeah." He reached down and trailed his fingers up her inner thigh and felt her body do that shimmy thing he loved so much.

"Stop it," she smiled softly. "This isn't fair. You know all of that about me and I don't know about you."

"So ask me." Peeta put a hand under his head and wrapped the other around her.

"Oh, I plan on it." She put her head back on his chest. "Tomorrow it's your turn to tell me what you want, so I wouldn't make any plans if I were you." She closed her eyes and yawned. "You're going to have a very long day ahead of you. I'd eat as much as possible for breakfast and build up your strength." She yawned again and felt sleep creep up on her.

Peeta lay in bed listening to the sound of Katniss' even breathing. He had never seen her sleep so deeply before. He sat up in bed and looked down at her, trying to come to terms with how incredible his life had turned out to be. In his wildest dreams he would never have imagined a life like this with her. He wished he could sleep as peacefully as she was sleeping, but his mind was racing. It was then that he decided to sketch the drawing of his locket and her pin merged together. To him it represented everything about him and Katniss. They were two different souls, but when put together they formed one being. When he was through with his drawing he curled up behind Katniss, pulling her close to him, spooning himself behind her.

"Peeta?" She mumbled in a sleepy voice.

"Go back to sleep, Katniss." he kissed her softly.

She scooted back until she was flush against him, their heads sharing the same pillow. "I love you."

He buried his face in her hair taking in the soft scent and let her words fill his spirit. "I love you back." Peeta closed his eyes and welcomed sleep for the first time in a long time.

The shock of being awoken by Cinna the next morning had both Katniss and Peeta in a daze. Instead of spending their day together behind closed doors and enjoying the firsts only marriage can bring, they were prepped for a wedding shoot, changed into multiple outfits and photographed for the Capitol's enjoyment. Katniss had hours and hours of work ahead of her compared to Peeta, being a man all he needed was a slight trim of his hair, a facial treatment removing and preventing his whiskers from growing in, which he barely had anyway, a few dabs of makeup and he was set. Katniss on the other hand had to be plucked, poked and prodded. Needless to say, Peeta was done hours before she was.

"...so we did it yesterday," Peeta sat around his kitchen table with Effie, Portia and a pot of tea. Everyone else from the Capitol had either gone to Katniss' or back to the train. "We're married," his smile lit up the room.

Effie's fingers went to her throat. "Oh, my." She dabbed at the corner of her eyes. "What a surprise this is."

"For me too, Effie," Peeta took her hand in his. "But if there's one thing I know, if Katniss wants something, she's going to work her butt off to

get it." He blushed slightly. "I'm just glad I'm lucky enough to be wanted by her."

"This is great news," Portia stood up and held her arms out to him and took him in a hug. "I'm thrilled for the two of you. I just wish I knew ahead of time so I could've brought you a gift."

Peeta gave her a big smile and said, "I know the perfect gift! Wait here." He ran upstairs and returned with Katniss' favorite shirt stained with grape juice. "Can you help me get these stains out?"

Portia looked over the shirt, rolled up her sleeves and said, "Where's the laundry room?"

Effie walked around Peeta's kitchen touching the little odds and ends on the counter. Their exceptionally large house reeked of casual comfort. Effie had been in many mansions before, but they all felt sterile as opposed to the home of Katniss and Peeta Mellark. She sighed wishing that someday she'd be lucky enough to experience what they had between them.

"Effie?" Peeta noticed the distant expression in her eyes. "Are you all right?"

"Why, of course I am." She smiled at him. "I was just thinking how lucky you and Katniss are to have found one another."

"I agree," Peeta grinned and walked to the cupboard, taking out a tin of cookies he baked without asking if she wanted any. "Wish you were here with us yesterday..." he turned to her, "...you were the only thing missing from an otherwise perfect day."

"Aren't you sweet?" She patted his shoulder blade. "So tell me, my darling boy, how have things been going for you? I feel as though we haven't spoken in ages."

They sat and caught up on their personal lives and when Portia returned to the room they moved onto talk of the rebellion. Effie had snuck some medical supplies onto the train and they needed to remove them from their hiding spot in the false bottom of a trunk Cinna used for their wedding attire. The three of them went to Katniss' house, Effie immediately noticed how behind schedule the photographer was and opted to stay there while Portia and Peeta took the piece of luggage away. They removed the medicines and placed them somewhere safe...somewhere no one would ever think to look for them, then rejoined the rest of the group at Katniss' place.

Katniss was completely wiped out by the time everyone from the Capitol left. She had spent hours being made over, changing into wedding gowns, ridiculously high heels and headpieces of all shapes and sizes. "I'm pooped," she plopped down on the sofa in front of the fireplace the second she got home.

"Why? All you had to do was change your clothes and take some pictures," Peeta teased her, knowing how much she hated going through all the prep that came along with any of their publicity.

"If I weren't so tired, I'd throw something at you. Instead I'm just going to have to throw you a scowl," she gave him one that matched her mood and kicked her shoes off. "My foot is killing me."

"Aw," Peeta sat next to her and patted his lap. "Give me your feet."

She lay back on the sofa and stretched her legs out over his lap. "Ooh, I've never had a foot massage before."

Peeta rubbed at the ball of one foot. "That's okay; I've never given one before."

"Mmmmm... feels good." She closed her eyes. "You should find someone to give you one of these...it's very relaxing," she grinned at him.

"You mean you won't volunteer for the job?"

"Nope. It's my way of getting even with you for not having to have so much prep done to you."

"Hmmm...maybe I could ask Camellia to do it for me," Peeta said with a glint in his eye. "Or Delly...she's so friendly, she'd probably do it."

Katniss opened up one eye and stared at him, "I was thinking more along the lines of Haymitch."

Peeta laughed. "On the bright side, he'd only have to rub one foot. No sense in giving a massage to a prosthetic."

"Well, since it's only one foot...I suppose I might be persuaded into doing it for you, but not tonight. Tonight I want to soak in a hot tub and pass out." She scratched at her torso. "Those damn dresses squeezed the hell out of me."

"Tell you what," Peeta stopped his massage, "why don't I go run you a tub and when you're through I'll massage your whole body for you?"

"Really?" This time Katniss opened both eyes.

"Yup," he stood up and placed her feet gingerly on the sofa cushions. "I'll be right back. You stay right there."

"No arguments from me," she stretched her arms out.

Peeta returned about fifteen minutes later and lifted her from the sofa. "Ready to be pampered Mrs. Mellark?"

"Absolutely," she kissed his cheek, "Mr. Mellark."

"Then let's get to it." He carried her up the stairs and into their bedroom, sat her on one of the overstuffed chairs they had in the corner next to a marble table and began removing her of her clothes. "I think you'll like what I have planned for you this evening."

"I like it already," she watched his fingers as they unbuttoned her shirt.

Peeta let out a little chuckle and said, "Nuh uh. They'll be none of that right now."

Katniss reached out and stroked his arm, "Why not?"

"Because you said that today was going to be my turn to tell you what I want, and what I want is to pamper my wife."

"You're going to spoil me." Something she was completely unaccustomed to.

"Good," he bent down and placed a soft kiss against her lips. "You deserve to be spoiled." Peeta carefully undressed her, stripping her of all her clothes and left them in a pile at their feet. He lifted her up without saying a word and carried her into the bathroom where a hot tub full of frothy bubbles awaited her.

"Wow," Katniss was taken aback. "I've never had a bubble bath before." Growing up destitute meant you didn't waste soap on something as luxurious as bubbles in a tub.

"I thought you might like it," Peeta grinned as he set her feet down in the tub. "Kind of weird, isn't it?" He sat at the edge of the tub. "The

only place we had hot water was in the bakery when we washed the dishes..." He scratched at his arm remembering his childhood. "Taking a warm bath was a treat for me growing up. Now, here we are with steaming water at our fingertips."

Katniss slid down into the large bath and let the hot water sooth her aching body. "I was just thinking the same thing. There were times when we didn't even have soap to wash with."

"Do you ever feel guilty, Katniss?" Peeta asked her with a somber expression plaguing his face. "I mean...look at everything we have... There are so many people in our district that are starving tonight. Kids going to bed with a rumbling stomach and all I have to do is walk downstairs to the kitchen and open up a cupboard and grab what I want."

"Peeta, we do what we can for the people around here," she lifted her soapy hand to his and held it. "I'm not saying I don't battle with myself over the situation in our district...in our nation, but I'm realistic enough to know that I can't solve the world's problems on my own. All we can do is our own part and try to make life a little easier for the people we know and love."

He looked at her face and noticed she was still covered in makeup. "I never feel like I'm doing enough."

"This coming from the man that used to hand out loaves of bread to Greasy Sae in exchange for recipes he never uses."

He grinned, "I'm not a big fan of wild dog stew."

"You are when you're on the brink of starvation." Katniss had eaten many bowls of the stuff. "The trick is to tell yourself it's pork or horse or something."

"Does that work?"

Katniss shook her head and gave him a smile. "No."

Peeta let out a little giggle. "Okay, enough of my whining." He stood up. "Time for you to relax while I go take care of a few things."

"Where are you going?" She sat up a little in the tub. "Aren't you going to keep me company?"

"I'll be back. Will you do me a favor while I'm gone though?"

"Sure," she answered.

"Can you wash that makeup off?" He gave her a wink before saying, "I can't see your freckles."

"Gladly." She watched him leave and shut the door behind him before scrubbing her face clean.

Peeta rushed through the house gathering everything he needed and took it up to their bedroom, putting thoughts of their discussion out of his mind. When the room was set to his liking he went back into the bathroom to find Katniss blowing bubbles off of her hand and into the air. "What are you doing?" He smiled.

"Nothing," she acted like she had just gotten caught pilfering cookies from the cookie jar. "Just...nothing." She sat back. "I suppose I should get out of here, huh? My fingers are starting to prune."

"Do you like it?" he asked expectantly.

"It's great, but I'm not sure how to get all this soap off of me."

"Allow me." Peeta pushed a button on the side of the tub which started to drain. "If you stand up, I'll turn the shower on for you and you can rinse yourself off."

"Now why didn't I think of that?" Katniss got to her feet, white suds were clinging to her wet body, slowly sliding their way down towards her feet.

"Uh..." Peeta couldn't take his eyes off of her.

"Peeta?" Katniss glanced at him and felt completely vulnerable by the way he was gawking at her. "Peeta!"

"Oh, um...yeah," he turned away from her to hide the blush creeping up on his face. "Why don't you set the shower and I'll get you a robe and some towels?"

"Good idea," Katniss closed the shower door trying to tell herself that it was natural for him to look at her now that they were married. He had seen her before when he carried her into the bathroom and last night when they were making love, but he never stared at her that way before and she was filled with an overwhelming feeling of self consciousness.

"Katniss, everything is on the shelf for you," Peeta called to her over the running water of the shower.

"Thanks."

Peeta walked into the bedroom and sat at the edge of the bed. He blew out a little breath and rested his elbows on his knees. The sight of Katniss' body had stirred something inside of him, not just arousing him, but sending an emotional jolt through his system. He looked around the room thinking he had better get ready for the next part of

his plan yet his mind kept wandering back to the image of her breasts poking out from beneath a flurry of white bubbles, like dusty pink rose petals atop creamy ivory skin. Suddenly Peeta knew what he wanted from her and he hoped she was willing to grant his wish.

"Oh," Katniss breathed out. "Peeta, what did you do?" She slowly entered their bedroom, her bare feet padding across the plush carpeting. Everywhere she looked he had candles, their luminescent flames reflecting off the mirrors and filling the room with a peaceful glow. A tray filled with sliced meats, fruit, cheese and bread sat on a decorative marble table and a pot of steaming tea with two cups next to that. "This is beautiful."

"Told you I was going to spoil you," he said tenderly while adoration filled his eyes.

She didn't know what to say. Her fingers trailed along the edge of a nightstand with three different sized candles sitting on it. No one had ever done anything like this for her before. "Peeta," she lifted her loving gaze to his. "Thank you."

He walked to her and took her hands in his. "There's no reason to thank me. I love you, Katniss."

She cupped his cheek in her hand. "I love you back."

"Are you ready for your massage?" He asked.

"Almost," she headed to the dresser to pull out a nightshirt. "Let me get dressed first."

"Please don't," Peeta gulped. His heart was suddenly racing from his anxiety over her reaction to his request.

Katniss stood still. Her back was to him as she nervously asked, "Why not?"

Peeta walked up behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. "I know what I want, Katniss." he turned her to face him. "I want to see you. I want you to see me."

Goose pimples broke out across her skin. It took her a moment to respond to him. "Okay," she whispered tremulously. Her eyes closed as Peeta's hands drifted down her robe covered arms and down to her waist. She could feel the gentle tugging of the belt being unknotted then released.

"Open your eyes, Katniss," he gently urged her. "I'm nervous too," he thought sharing his fears with her might help them both.

Katniss stared at the shadows that danced upon the wall from the flickering candle's glow then dropped her eyes to Peeta's face. Her robe was partially open; a thin strip of her body could be seen through the slit in the front of the garment. She waited for him to take it off, but he didn't. He reached up and began undoing his own shirt, stripping himself of everything but his underwear. Katniss could see the unmistakable bulge below his waist and felt a liquid rush between her legs at the sight of it. She hadn't even touched him and he already wanted her. It felt extremely flattering and nerve-racking at the same time.

"Lie down on your stomach, Katniss." Peeta took her hand and led her to the bed. He peeled back the fluffy robe revealing her shoulders to him and trailed a series of kisses across them. He pulled the robe down to her waist and straddled his knees outside of her legs. "I'll do your back first." He rubbed her skin slowly up and down, avoiding the tender spot that caused her to shiver the night before. He kneaded both shoulders simultaneously, massaging his palms into her muscles

and listened to her soft groans. "Does that feel okay?" She nodded her head against the pillow and parted her lips slightly. Peeta worked each arm from the bicep all the way down to the tips of her fingers, he moved onto her neck and then slowly inched his way down her entire back, his manhood stirring when she wiggled beneath him in pleasure. He faced the opposite direction and lifted the robe up to reveal her calves. "I'll do your feet and your legs now." He soothingly worked the kinks out of her legs, and then knelt alongside of her to work on her thighs. When he was through he stood at the end of the bed and rubbed her feet until there was only one spot left for him to massage. He crawled up her body and carefully removed the robe completely, dropping it to the floor, exposing her perfect flesh to his very grateful watch.

A slight chill went up Katniss' back once her robe was completely removed. Peeta was not only looking at her he was tenderly massaging the apples of her buttocks with the palms of his hands. At his first touch her face began to burn with embarrassment, and then her body reacted to his soft motions. She hadn't realized how much tension she had built up inside of her until Peeta worked her muscles, kneading at them, releasing the stress from her body. Her toes began to curl, her calves flex as he worked his way down towards her thighs. 'My God, that feels good,' she thought to herself.

Peeta felt his stomach flopping around; he licked at his dry lips in anticipation. "Roll over, Katniss," his voice was so quiet he could barely hear himself. He got to his knees and watched...waited for her reaction.

Katniss kept her eyes open as she slowly turned over and met Peeta's expression of love. "My ribs are still sore," she said the first thing that popped into her head, "from the corsets they put me in."

"I'll take care of that for you." Peeta held her gaze as he performed his actions; treating the front of her body to the same tender touches he provided to her back. He lifted the edges of his mouth in a shy grin when he heard her sighs, felt his heart race when he massaged her torso all the way down to her hips and left the best part for last. "Can I take these off now?" He looked down at his boxers.

Katniss shook her head from side to side. "Not yet."

He had to admit he was a bit disappointed, but he didn't let it get to him. He trailed his fingers down her throat, over her collarbone and ran his hands across her breasts.

The feel of his warm fingers massaging at her aching bosom sent a bolt of electricity through her system. Katniss let her head sink deeper into the pillow and let out a strangled, "Ah," before lifting her hands to his waist. "Okay," she said throatily, "these can come off now, but..." she opened her eyes, "...I want to do it." Her hands were shaking as she peeled the thin piece of material down his thighs. "Lie down."

Peeta lay on his back as Katniss knelt beside him and stripped him of the only barrier between their bodies. His breath caught in his throat when she ran her hands up his chest and over his shoulders, much in the way that he had done to her, and straddled his lap. He could feel the heat from her center burning against his arousal tempting him to enter her and fulfill their wanton cravings. "I'm not done with you yet, Katniss." The ends of her hair were damp from her bath and clinging to her skin. His eyes roamed up and down her naked torso, his fingers brushed her hair behind her shoulders and Peeta began to memorize every curve...every line of Katniss' body with not only his eyes, but his hands. "You're so beautiful." One finger ran along her collarbone and over her shoulder. "Your skin is so soft...flawless."

Her scars had been erased after the Games, as was his. Katniss gave his broad chest a thorough exam with her eyes and followed it up with her hand. "You used to have a scar," she touched the center of his chest, "right there." She bent down and kissed the spot where his mother had caused a terrible burn then sat back up. "Do you know how much I wanted to take that pain away for you, Peeta?"

"You did," she had helped to heal his soul after the years of being abused by his mother. "I don't hurt anymore, Katniss. Nothing can hurt me as long as I have you."

"Your chest is so smooth." She gave him an reserved grin. "I like that."

"You have freckles," his voice had a hint of surprise in it as he smiled brightly at her.

"Yes, I know," she looked down to where his fingers were tracing.

Peeta's fingertips brushed just underneath her left hipbone, teasing the tiny cluster of freckles. "And I thought the ones on your nose were cute."

Katniss ran her hands down his stomach. "You're so hard...firm..." they moved around his waist, "and you have this little point of light blond hair that travels down your abdomen..." she leaned over him and rested her lips against his, "...that leads to..." she wrapped her hand around him and watched his eyes flutter close. "Are you done with me yet, Peeta?" She whispered into his mouth as she stroked him slowly up and down.

"Not even close to finished." He ran his hands through her hair and brought her lips to his. "I'll never be done with you." He rolled them over so he was on top of her. He kissed her neck and listened to her whimper in his ear then met her lips with his again.

Katniss ran her free hand up his back and hooked it over his shoulder, pulling him down onto her, reveling in the pressure of his body weighing her down into their mattress. Her skin tingled at the first touch of Peeta's tongue against her pert nipple and she lifted her knees, cradling his hips with them when his hand traveled between their bodies, heading on a path of discovery. The feathery strokes of his hair brushing against her chest simultaneously tickled her and thrilled her. The feeling of his fingers parting her moist core had her pressing her heels into their bed and when his fingers entered her she called out his name on a breathy sigh.

With each movement of her hand against his turgid desire, Peeta could feel himself getting closer and closer to his climax. "You have to stop, Katniss," he whispered into her ear, "or I'm going to finish before I get started."

She could feel his smile against her cheek. "I wouldn't want that." She removed her hand from between them and ran it over his buttocks.

"Oh, God," Peeta threw his head back. "You have no idea what you do to me."

"Yes," she looked him deep in the eyes, "I do." If it was anything like the way he made her feel, she knew he was in a world of conflict right now. Desperately wanting to reach the finish line, yet loving the journey so much you hate for it to end.

He slid himself between her legs, removing his hand from between them and glided seamlessly into her. Slow, steady thrusts guided them both. Her hands on his hips moving him back and forth in time. His fingers massaging her breasts, teasing each stiff peak and feeling her body's moist reaction. Their mouths in a feverish kiss as passion took over and love led the way. Their arms wrapped around each other, their bodies one until the final moment when Katniss called out and

Peeta ripped himself from inside of her. They lay that way until the sweat from their bodies dried, their hearts beat at a normal pace and their breathing was no longer strained.

"I love you," he whispered against her lips.

"I love you too," she whispered back. "Do you think it's like that for all married couples, Peeta?"

He rolled onto his back, draped his arm across his forehead and said, "Like what?"

She curled against his side. "When you make love to me I feel...whole. Like part of me was missing until you came into my life."

Peeta kissed the top of her head. "Yeah, I know what you mean. Sometimes I think we were born to be together."

"So you think all married people experience what we do?"

He couldn't help but think of the stark contrast between her parents and his...of themselves and how full of emotion...of love they are when they're intimate with one another. "Not all of them." He wrapped his arm around her. "Some couples are though." he looked down into her eyes, "The lucky ones...like your mom and dad...like us."

She had never considered herself fortunate, but holding onto Peeta, feeling him cling to her, she couldn't help but feel like she was the luckiest woman alive. "Do you think they're all starving afterwards?" She grinned.

Peeta let out a laugh, "Now that I have no clue about, but I for one, am famished."

They ate from the tray Peeta prepared for them and drank the tea which was now cold, not caring in the least. They blew out the candles, leaving the ones on the nightstand lit and climbed into bed before dousing them then fell asleep. With sleep came the nightmares. Peeta woke up once, frozen in place, fear consuming him until he felt Katniss' hand against his waist. Katniss awoke screaming shortly after, crying into Peeta's shoulder after reliving the horrors of the arena in her dreams. In the morning Peeta cleaned up the bedroom, Katniss the kitchen and bath. They laughed some, visited with her mother and were taken by surprise when Prim came home and informed them about the mandatory viewing the Capitol had set for the residents of the districts. They were all sure it was to view the photos that were shot of Katniss and Peeta the day before in their wedding finery and talked about it over a family dinner.

"I don't see how they can have those pictures ready this quickly," Katniss said as she cleared the dinner plates from her mother's kitchen table.

"I'm sure that's what it's for," Prim smiled. "I can't wait to see the two of you. Bet you looked handsome Peeta." She smiled at him. "Katniss looked pretty, but I only got to see the last couple of dresses."

"Katniss always looks pretty, Prim." Peeta kissed the back of Katniss' head as he put some leftovers away. "Why don't you leave the kitchen to us and go in the living room with your mom?"

Prim placed the plates she was carrying on the counter. "No problem," she grinned. "I hate doing the dishes."

Katniss and Peeta chuckled at her as she walked out of the room. They cleaned in unison, one washing, the other drying, and joined the rest of Katniss' family for the viewing. Prim had been right. They were treated to images of themselves in various wedding clothes. It wasn't

until President Snow appeared and read the card for the Quarter Quell that Katniss and Peeta's dreamlike marriage turned into a real life nightmare.

The next chapter will reflect what occurred when Peeta chased Katniss into the thunderstorm. For those of you that read CF:R you know what I'm talking about. For those of you that haven't read it and don't want to read it, no worries...I tend to write these stories to stand on their own or go hand in hand with CF:R.

Catching Fire:

Rekindling Outtakes

Chapter 4:

Conception of Love,

a hunger games

fanfic | FanFiction

Summarize

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

By: Jamie Sommers

Chapter Four: Conception of Love

These are outtakes of intimate moments between Peeta and Katniss based on a series of stories I'm doing. Catching Fire: Rekindling. If you want to read the entire series, start with Hunger Games Challenge. If you don't want to read it, don't. Either way, I'm good!. THIS IS MEANT FOR MATURE READERS! 18 or OLDER! This particular chapter is linked with chapters 13 and 20 of CF:R. Ch13 leads up to the fight in the rain and 20 tells the story of the burnt dinner and sketch Peeta drew.

Thank you to A for the wonderful beta job. I greatly appreciate it.

Please remember when I write these particular stories I do so out of love and yes, passion. If you don't believe these two characters have that in them...don't read the outtakes. If you do, then enjoy!

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

Within twenty-four hours their entire lives had changed. The honeymoon was over for Mr. and Mrs. Mellark and life had turned into a new form of hell. Peeta was determined to bring Katniss home from the Games and Katniss was determined to do the same for Peeta. Both making deals with their mentor, Haymitch to save the others life. None of them knew who would be called during the reaping, Haymitch or Peeta, but they all knew it would be Peeta stepping into the arena again, for it was the only way he could protect the woman he loved with all of his heart. They had months before Reaping Day and Peeta had one thing on his mind...training.

Peeta was certain that if they prepared themselves, turned into Careers, it would give them the upper hand during the Quarter Quell, so he requested recordings from Effie of all the living tributes. The plan was simple, study their competitors fighting techniques, change their diets so they could put on weight and build up muscle, and practice...learn new skills to stay alive once inside of the arena. Peeta had not only convinced Haymitch and Katniss to train like Careers, but their families were of the same mindset. Be strong and don't let your weaknesses get the best of you. He had asked Gale to take care of Katniss once she got home, Peeta needed to make sure that his wife didn't turn into Haymitch and live a life of solitude. In the meantime, he pulled away from her, trying his best to get her accustomed to living without him. They still slept under the same roof, shared their meals together...did everything together, but the intimacy that went along with marriage, the talks...the expressions of love, we eliminated and it cut Katniss to the core.

"PEETA!" Her nightmare had caused her to wake up in a cold sweat. She reached for him, but he was where he had been since he received the recordings from Effie, in front of the television set asleep on the sofa. "PEETA! Katniss was trembling, crying and rocking back and forth when she heard his heavy footsteps on the stairs.

"Katniss, what's wrong?" Peeta rushed to her side. "Nightmare?"

"Yes," she held her arms up to him.

This was the only time he didn't allow himself to pull away from her, for that would simply be a form of cruelty he could never do. "I've got you," his arms wrapped around her and held her close to him. "It's going to be okay. You're safe now."

Katniss blubbered into his chest, crawled into his lap and let him rock her back and forth against the bed. "Stay with me, okay? Don't leave me."

"Shhh..." he brushed the hair away from her forehead and placed a kiss on her cheek. "I'm with you now." Once she had calmed down, he placed her under the covers and crawled into bed with her, holding her until she fell back asleep, but by morning he would be gone and Katniss would wake up feeling empty and alone.

She had tried many times to get her husband back, but he had been taken over by some evil drill sergeant intent on making her the best tribute ever known to man. "Peeta?" She whispered to him as he sat on the edge of the bed, getting dressed for training. "Why don't we forget about training today and stay home?" She ran her hands up his bare back and pressed soft tender kisses across his shoulders. "It's been so long since we've been together. Don't you miss me, Peeta?" She stripped off her nightshirt and felt his body stiffen when she pressed her breasts against his back. "Come to bed with me."

Peeta sat perfectly still, telling himself not to respond, but it wasn't easy considering how quickly a certain part of his body jumped to attention the moment he felt her hands caressing his skin. He wanted nothing more than to turn around and press her body into the mattress. To make love to her for the rest of his short life, but he couldn't. She had to accept that they could never be together that way again. Katniss was going to have to get used to a life without him and with any luck, she'd be able to find happiness with Gale. "We're going to be late." Peeta stood up with his back to her to hide the evidence of his desire. "We're unloading deliveries at the bakery this morning then practicing our spear throwing skills. Gale will be here by noon to work on snares with us." Peeta walked out of the room and flattened his

back against the wall in the hallway thinking, 'Please forgive me, Katniss. I love you so much I'm willing to let you go.'

There were multiple attempts on Katniss' part. She tried talking to him, luring him, seducing him, even crying to him, but none of them worked. Her husband was long gone and in his place was Captain Career. She was exceptionally bitter that afternoon watching Gale and Peeta talk amongst themselves while Peeta made an attempt at making a snare. When she walked Gale home that afternoon she even tried to make Peeta jealous by telling him that Gale wanted to be alone with her, but Peeta didn't flinch. All he cared about was that she made it home before the rainstorm hit so she wouldn't slip and fall and hurt herself.

As Katniss made her way back to their home in Victor's Village she thought through a plan. 'Talk to Peeta. Tell him you miss him and how much you want to be back in his arms and if that doesn't work...if that doesn't work then go back home to your mom and Prim. At least you can spend time with people that love you.'

Peeta sat on the sofa in front of the television screen while a recording of an old Hunger Games played and thought about all that had been going on with he and Katniss. 'You're hurting the hell out of her by pushing her away. What would be the harm if you took her in your arms...if you loved her the way you want to? No. You can't do that, Peeta. Katniss needs to prepare herself for a life with Gale, not you. You won't have the luxury of growing old with her so this is for the best. Let her fight for her own life in the arena, not yours.' He told himself the same thing every night since the reading of the card. Keeping himself at arms distance from Katniss was the best thing for her, but when she walked into their house that night, begging for him to pay attention to her, telling her she missed him, it took every ounce of his willpower to turn her away. It wasn't until she walked out of their

house and into the rain, intent of spending the rest of her time in District Twelve under her mother's roof that Peeta chased after her. He couldn't lose her. Not yet.

"Katniss!" Peeta's feet splashed through the puddles that were quickly forming in their street. He spun her around by the arm to face him. "You're not going anywhere."

The rain was cool against their skin, causing their already tight training uniforms to cling to their damp flesh. Peeta's hair began to darken and droplets of water hung at the ends of his curls. Katniss' braid grew heavy with the weight of the water that was falling from the sky.

"I can go wherever the hell I want! And I'm not wanted there!" She pointed to their home.

"Yes you are, Katniss!" He couldn't tell what were tears and what was rain on her face, but he knew from the sound of her voice that she was crying.

"Then why, Peeta? Why do you keep turning me away from you?" The sound of thunder crashed through the air.

He could see the pain and anguish in her eyes, highlighted by the lightning and it made him want to cry for being the cause of it.

"Katniss, you have to understand what I'm trying to do here." He gripped her arms. "We're in training." It was a lame excuse, but all he could come up with.

"Yes, we're Careers. I get that, but what the hell does that have to do with you and me, Peeta?" She was desperate to know. "Does being a Career mean we can't be husband and wife?"

"Yes!" He had to tell her. "It means you don't give into your weaknesses and you are, Katniss. You are my weakness and I'm yours!"

She shook her head frantically and screamed, "No Peeta! You're my strength! You are my strength!"

Katniss words pierced his heart like one of her arrows. She was nothing without him and him nothing without her. His arm reached out and pulled her to him. Their mouths met in a wild, wet fury of battling tongues and mashing lips. Katniss jumped up and wrapped her legs around his waist while Peeta took hold of her body with one arm and one hand underneath her bottom, carrying her back into their house. He kicked the door closed and pressed her back up against it, devouring her mouth with his.

Katniss dropped her feet to the floor and kicked off her shoes, ripped off her clothes as Peeta did the same. It took less than a minute for them to stand in a puddle of wet clothes, completely nude and their arms wrapping around each other. She could taste the rain on his skin, ran her fingers through his wet hair and mashed her tongue deep into his mouth.

Peeta grasped her wrists and pressed them above her head against their front door, stared at her flushed face and ran his mouth down her neck as he dragged his hands down her arms and over her breasts. His lips kissed a wet path down her body until he was on his knees in front of her and pressed hard kisses against the little cluster of freckles below her hipbone that he missed so much. He pushed one of her legs to the side and made a path across her lower abdomen with his tongue; pressing his face against the warm mound of her desire and began kissing her in a spot she had never known people kissed.

Katniss' hands reached out and gripped the handle of the door as well as the top of his head. The feeling of his tongue lapping at her had her throwing her head from side to side, trying to capture air, but her breath was short and choppy. She slid her legs open even more granting him access to the most intimate part of her being and felt her body quaking with a longing she had never known existed. She could feel herself being spread apart by his fingers and his tongue dancing up and down her moist region causing shockwaves of pleasure through her extremities. She didn't know how long he was torturing her that way, but she didn't want it to end. Her stomach tightened, her legs shook uncontrollably and her fingers delved into his wet curls as her body exploded into his mouth.

Peeta's eyes traveled up her sleek torso and met her gaze. His body was aching with need, desperate to feel her touch. He stood up and was taken by surprise as Katniss turned him and pressed him against the door then followed his lead. She knelt before him and took him into her hand, slipped the evidence of his desire between her lips and let his hands guide her mouth up and down until he could no longer take it. The languid movements of her tongue against him, her hand stroking him in succession with her mouth, Peeta felt his knees buckling after only a few minutes of her loving response.

Katniss could feel the familiar swelling at the base of his turgid member and continued pleasuring him until she felt him release himself the way she had into his mouth. Her motions didn't stop even after he was finished; she had no desire to end this moment. She felt his hands lift her to him and pull her body against his. He lifted her in his arms, stepped over the pile of wet clothes and lay her down on their sofa. The sound of the Games being played in the background were ignored as Peeta slipped himself inside of her, still hard and burning with desire. Katniss wrapped her legs around his waist and met his furious thrusts with her own, grabbing at his back...his

buttocks until she screamed with pleasure and felt him vibrating inside of her. She grabbed his face and pulled him down for a kiss. She could taste herself on his tongue as it plunged deep into her mouth and held him in place longing for him to lose himself inside of her. At the last minute she felt him leave her body and slip himself between them spilling himself onto her taut stomach.

Peeta's elbows were shaking, his body drenched in a combination of rain water and sweat as he balanced himself above Katniss. He collapsed on top of her, burying his face in her shoulder. Beside them the sound of a cannon from the television set rang out, but neither one of them noticed. They lay there, arms and legs a quiver, every muscle in the body burning and their hearts on the mend.

"I'm sorry," Peeta whispered hoarsely into Katniss' shoulder. "Please forgive me for what I put you through. I should've never..." He could barely speak thinking about all of the times he pushed her away. "Katniss..."

There was something dripping against Katniss' skin, she grabbed onto Peeta's face and saw the tears streaming from his eyes. "Don't cry," she kissed him. "It's over now, isn't it?"

"Yes," Peeta peppered her face with kisses. "I don't know what I was thinking, Katniss. I just thought..." he couldn't get the words out; his emotions had gotten the best of him. Peeta pressed his face against Katniss' chest, listened to the rapid succession of her heartbeat and let his tears flow.

Katniss wrapped her legs around him and ran her hands over his back, gently stroking his hair and spine. "I forgive you, Peeta. I do." She kissed the top of his head and let him cry until he cleansed himself of the guilt she knew he felt. "I love you," she closed her eyes and held onto him for dear life.

Brutal cries were coming from their television screen when Peeta lifted his head. "I'll shut this off." he wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands. "We won't have to watch them anymore, okay?"

She watched him walk to the table, pick up the remote and shut the television off. They had a lot to talk about, but right now all she wanted to do was try and regain some form of normalcy between them. "Don't suppose you want to take a shower with me?"

He peered over his shoulder at her and said, "You want to take a shower together?"

"Mmmm hmmm," she stretched her arms over her head. "I smell like sweat. We've been training since six in the morning, working with snares..." she glanced down at herself, "...other things..." she grinned at him, "Trust me when I tell you I need a shower."

Peeta knelt next to the sofa and stroked her head. "Never thought we'd do something like that...shower together. It sounds pretty good." He pulled out the band holding her braid in. "Can I wash your hair?"

"You can do anything you want." Katniss didn't want to waste another second of their time together. "Think you can give me a lift upstairs?" She raised her arms up for him to carry her.

"Absolutely." Peeta carried her into their bathroom and set her feet down on the floor. He turned on the shower and opened the door for her to step in. "Warm enough?"

"Yup," she watched him step into the roomy shower and said, "Turn the other showerhead on too." The bathrooms in Victor's Village weren't as lavish as those at the Capitol, but they did have exceptionally large showers in each bathroom with three different

showerheads, two on opposite ends that angled downward and a large overhead one that sprayed like rain.

"Which one?" Peeta asked.

Katniss pointed upwards and felt her whole body relax as the warm water drizzled down on her. "I feel like I'm bathing in a rainstorm."

"Nice isn't it?" Peeta smiled at her. "I love using that one, but I rarely do."

"Me too," Katniss lifted her face to it and let the water pour over her. She turned her back to Peeta and let the water drench her hair. "I always feel guilty when I use things like this." She felt Peeta's hands in her hair and sighed.

Peeta understood exactly where she was coming from. "Yeah, it's hard not to feel guilty when your shower is bigger than most people's bathrooms."

"We could fit about ten people in here. Mmmmm...that feels so good." Peeta was lathering shampoo into her hair and his fingers were working wonders on her scalp. "All that kneading bread dough has provided you with a gift."

Peeta chuckled as his hands got lost in a flurry of soap suds and thick brown hair. "I love the way this smells," he spoke about her shampoo. "Like springtime." He stepped back and said, "Tilt your head so I can rinse it for you."

Katniss kept her eyes closed as the suds dripped down her back. If it were up to her, she'd take a shower with him every single day...twice a day. Once her hair was clean and soft she turned to him and said, "Your turn." She washed his hair for him, rinsed it out and when she

was through she picked up an oversized sponge and placed some of his favorite body wash on it. "Here," she handed it to him. "You can get my back for me." She pulled her hair over her shoulder and felt Peeta sponge her back, then move down her legs and before she knew it she was facing him so he could wash the rest of her clean.

As Katniss rinsed herself off, Peeta picked up the bar of soap he liked to use and handed it to Katniss. "I don't like sponges." The feeling of her soapy hands making their way over his body cleansed not only his skin, but his heart. They were better now. Life was good again regardless of the fact that the arena waited for them. "Want to use the automatic dryer in here or a towel?"

She had very little time to enjoy the frivolous things in life. "Automatic dryer." In less than a minute her hair was silky smooth and flowing down her now dry body. "We should've been using this stuff all along."

"No kidding," Peeta agreed as they walked hand in hand into their bedroom. He opened up a dresser drawer and took out a pair of boxers and pajamas, but before he could pull his bottoms on, Katniss stopped him.

"Hold up a second." She took out a pair of underwear from her drawer and handed them to him. "Dress me," she lifted the corner of her mouth in a playful grin.

"I'd love to." Peeta bent down and felt Katniss' hands holding onto his shoulders as she stepped into her undergarment, then stood up and slipped his pajama shirt over her arms, rolling up the sleeves several times so she could use her hands. "Is it my turn now?"

"Mmmm hmmm," she performed the same procedure on him. Slipping his boxers over his legs then his pajama pants. Prior to standing up she placed a kiss just below his navel. "I can't tell you how

much I've missed being like this with you." She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. "But if you play one of the recordings from the Games tonight, I'm going to make you regret it."

"No problem." Watching television was the last thing he wanted to do. "Can I do laundry?"

"Yes," she nodded. "You can wash the pile of clothes by the door and dry our shoes out while I make dinner."

Peeta's brows shot up. "You're going to make dinner?"

"I'm in the mood to be nice." Katniss dropped her hands and said, "Take advantage of it. I don't know if it will happen again in the near future."

Katniss' gesture didn't work out exactly as she had planned. A small kitchen fire equaling a burnt meal, followed up by a lot of humor as Katniss decided to pilfer the roast beef dinner Hazelle had made for Haymitch, but afterwards...afterwards was a moment neither of them would ever forget. Peeta sketched them as they lay facing one another in bed topless with only a sheet covering them from the waist down. The portrait he had drawn for Katniss was simply exquisite and to her it spoke volumes about their feelings for one another.

The lights were off, but their bedroom was aglow with moonlight filtering in through their picturesque windows. Their legs were still tangled in the bedding from their pose for the portrait Peeta had sketched. Their bare chests were pressing into one another, their hands absorbing as much as possible in the little time they had left before leaving their safe haven and going to the Capitol.

Katniss brushed her nose against Peeta's, twirled the end of his hair around her fingers and spoke softly to him. "I love my picture. I'll treasure it for the rest of my life."

"If I had time to paint it, I would," he kissed her softly, trailing his fingers down her spine and smiling gently as he felt her shiver from it.

"That would make a stunning portrait. You'll paint it for me one day." She kissed his chin...his cheek letting her lips linger close to his ear. "I can imagine you standing in front of your canvas with paint covering your arms and that look you get in your eyes when you get lost in your art. It'll be beautiful."

Her breath felt warm against his cheek. "I'll give it to you as an anniversary present." He played along with her fantasy.

"Our twenty-fifth," she was lost in a dream world and never wanted to leave. "By then I'll be all old and wrinkly. It'll be nice to see myself young and healthy."

"You'll never be old and wrinkly," he smiled. "You're too stubborn to allow wrinkles and I'll keep you young at heart forever."

She ran her hand down his arm and said softly, "I believe you will, Peeta Mellark."

Their soft kisses played across the other's faces, necks, shoulders... as the conversation gradually shifted to the events that had kept them apart.

"Katniss, I know you said you forgave me for the way I was acting during our training, but...I wanted you to know, causing you pain wasn't what I had intended."

"What were you trying to accomplish Peeta?" She ran her finger along his jaw line. "I don't understand why we couldn't go through training and still spend our nights like this. Life would've been so much easier for both of us."

Peeta rested his head against hers and said, "For now it would've been easier, but..." he hesitated not wanting to face the future, "...when you come home Katniss, you'll have to spend your life without me and I thought it would be easier for you if you got accustomed to not being like...like this with me."

Katniss ducked her head under his chin, "Oh, Peeta. We have no idea what's going to happen during the Games. For all we know neither one of us can come home and then what? We've wasted so much time."

"I know," he sighed. "Gale told me we were the dumbest smart people he knew." He let out a little chuckle.

Katniss pulled back and looked at him with surprise written all over her face, "Gale said that to you?"

"Yeah. He told me I should be spending the rest of my life with the woman I love exactly how I wanted and...he was so right."

Katniss pulled him closer to her and said, "He told me that I needed to talk to you and tell you how I feel."

Peeta couldn't believe it. Out of all the people in the world, Gale was the last one he'd ever expect to help them find their way back together. "Well, I'm glad you did." Peeta kissed the top of her head. "When you walked out of the house tonight...My God, Katniss, you scared the hell out of me. All I thought was there's no way I can live without her here."

"Peeta we've barely been spending any time together other than training anyway. What would it matter?"

"It matters, Katniss. It matters a lot." He squeezed her. "Just knowing you're near brings me so much comfort."

"You didn't even sleep with me anymore," there was sadness in her voice. "I used to wake up from my nightmares and reach for you and...oh, Peeta, it broke my heart when you weren't there."

"But I came to you, Katniss. I came as fast as I could," He looked at her with urgency in his eyes. "I'd never let you face those alone."

Katniss looked a little sheepish when she admitted, "I faked a few of them just so you'd hold me."

Peeta let out a little chuckle. "You did?"

"I missed you. Missed your arms around me. Your kiss." To prove it she kissed him. "I don't want to miss you anymore. I want to kiss you whenever I want...just because and not only because of a nightmare."

Peeta tucked his leg between hers and pulled her leg over his hip. "Oh my sweet girl, what did I do to you?" He rested his head on top of hers. "All I wanted was for you to be able to go on with your life without me in it and in the process I did nothing but cause us both pain."

"Well we both know now and we'll make sure we don't do that again while we're home, right?"

"Right." Peeta sealed the deal with a kiss. "Haymitch should be happy about not training anymore."

"Well, I don't think we should give up on training completely. Maybe still work on our weak spots, keep on that diet of my moms and we can even watch those stupid recordings, but Peeta...if you ignore me for one of those again..."

"I won't Katniss. I swear it."

She pressed her lips against his. "I missed you. I was so lonely without you."

"I longed for you every night. I used to come up here and watch you sleep." He rubbed her thigh with the palm of his hand and felt her lips trailing sweet kisses along his collar bone. "I love that."

"I know you do," she grinned against this skin. "You're not the only one that learned about the other person, you know."

"What did you learn about me, Katniss?" He said in a throaty response.

"You love it when I run my fingers across your scalp," which she did. "You love it when I flick my tongue against your bottom lip and suck it in my mouth;" again she performed the action and felt a liquid rush when he moaned. "You really like it when I trace my fingers along your stomach and down towards your little patch of fuzz." as her fingers made their way on their journey she could feel him growing harder against her stomach, "and you love it when I whimper and make noise."

"I do. Those sounds you make are so unlike you. So...mmmm" he gave his shoulders a little shake. "Katniss, can I ask you something about..." he began to blush, "...earlier."

"Sure," she wondered what he was talking about.

"When we were up against the door and I...kissed you...did you like it?"

"Oh," she remembered the feeling of his tongue spreading the folds of her womanhood apart and bringing her to a powerful climax within minutes. "Yeah, I did." She was a little embarrassed at admitting it. "A lot."

This pleased Peeta. "Why did you do that to me?"

"Because," she furrowed her brow like he was asking a crazy question. "I wanted to please you and I wanted to know what it felt like."

"So...um....what did it feel like?"

Katniss ran her fingers down his cheek and said, "Hot...smooth, so good Peeta. I really enjoyed doing that for you." She blushed slightly and asked him, "What was it like for you?"

"Amazing," he admitted. "I never imagined I'd do anything like that before, but it was so tempting. I could feel the heat radiating off of you when I was kissing your freckles and the scent...mmmm, it was like a sweet musky aroma of arousal." His whole body was building up with sexual tension just thinking about it. "When I tasted you it was like warm vanilla custard with a hit of musk. You are so sweet." he liked his lips. "So velvety smooth and when you reached your climax...God Katniss, I thought I would too just from watching you."

"Watching you is my favorite part about making love to you." Katniss told him. "Your eyes are so full of love and you get so tense...so serious." She ran her hands between them and began to brush her knuckles against the silken heat of his manhood. "I want you inside of

me so badly right now Peeta. I want to feel whole...complete and the only way I ever feel like that is when you and I are linked together."

"Can I...can I taste you first?" He trailed his lips up her neck. "I want to so badly Katniss. Please say yes."

"Yes." She wasn't going to pass it up. It was an absolute treasure feeling him work his warm tongue against her.

"Lie back for me." Katniss followed his gentle words. "Will you ..." He didn't ask, he just placed his hands on her thighs and encouraged her to pull them apart.

"Oh, Peeta," she sighed at the first touch of his tongue as it slipped between her slit and licked upwards. "My God that's incredible." This was something they had never learned about in basic sex education class. She had no clue where he learned about it either and she didn't care, as long as he didn't stop. He spread her apart with his thumbs and began flicking the tip of his tongue against her little nub and Katniss was sure she was going to explode with desire. The hot rush of wetness poured through her as she pushed his head against her. "Harder Peeta. Please."

"Mmmm," she heard his tasty moans as he slipped a finger inside of her.

That was it. She began moving her body up and down meeting his finger and pushing his tongue against her. "I'm not going to last Peeta."

He sucked her clit into his mouth and slid another finger into her then began lapping at her, up and down her slit until she was dripping with desire. Her screams echoed into the night and just as she was about to climax, Peeta ripped his fingers from her and lifted his mouth away

from her. "No, my girl. Not yet." he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and crawled up her body. "I'm going to make this last and last for us tonight."

"Oh, you're cruel." She loved it when he teased her. Her orgasms were so much more powerful when he made her wait. "Can I do that to you now, Peeta?"

"Would you like to?"

"Very much." She remembered how hot and smooth he felt when he glided across her tongue and the way his body responded to her actions. "Lie back for me."

Peeta quickly obliged and watched her as she swept her hair to the side and placed her small hand around his trembling manhood. The sight of her full lips closing around him sent a bolt of electricity through him, the warmth of her moist mouth gliding up and down his shaft felt like heaven on earth. "Don't go so fast Katniss or I won't last long either. That feels too damn good."

Katniss slowed down her efforts and moved her mouth up and down his member, slick with her saliva, tracing her path with her hand. She swirled her tongue around the tip and heard his pleased moan, felt his hips pumping slowly up and down meeting her gentle motions. All she could think about was how much she loved him, loved pleasing him and bringing joy to him. Expressing her love for him this way seemed so selfless and brought her such a felling of utter joy she didn't want to stop. She felt his hands tangle in her hair, moving her head up and down in slow succession, and then lifted her lips off of him when she felt him swell at the base. She licked him up and down, across the top of him then took him fully in her mouth again and heard his loud groan. When he lifted her head off of him she locked her gaze with his up his body and said, "Do you want me to stop?"

"You have to. That feels so incredible; Katniss and I don't want this to end yet. Come up here." He held his arms out to her and held her close to his body. "I love you so much Katniss. So damn much."

She kissed him, a deep slow kiss before sitting up on his lap and gliding him inside of her. "I love you too, Peeta. I never knew," she felt him glide all the way inside of her and sighed, "never knew how much I could love someone the way I love you." She rested the palms of her hands against his chest and felt him start to move. "Don't," she said softly. "don't move yet." She pressed herself down on him. "I want to feel you inside of me. I feel so...Oh, Peeta...this is how it's suppose to be. Can you feel it?" Her body was swelling around him. "We're like one person right now."

Peeta trailed his thumb over the little cluster of freckles under her hip and let his eyes travel up her body. Her hair splayed around her shoulders, her breasts peaking through strands of dark brown tresses. "Katniss, you feel so perfect. You're stunning." He brushed the hair away from one of her breasts and captured it in his hand, slowly teasing the pert nipple between his thumb and index finger. "You're mine, Katniss. All mine."

"I've always been yours Peeta," she looked down into his startling blue eyes. "And you've always belonged to me. We were meant to be together." She began to move slowly up and down meeting his gradual thrusts. "Tell me what I feel like Peeta. I want to know what it's like for you."

"So hot...velvety smooth...tight, like your body is gripping me...never wants to let me go."

"I don't," she leaned down on her hands and her hair acted like a curtain over their bodies. "I never want you to leave me." She pressed her breasts against his chest as his hands roamed up her back. "Don't

leave me tonight Peeta." She lifted herself until he was almost all the way out of her then pushed down until he was so deep inside she could feel him all the way to her heart.

"Katniss I never want to leave you." It pained him to think about her living a life without him.

She shook her head from side to side and kissed him slowly. She breathed against his lips and pushed him deep inside of her. "That's not what I mean. I want you to stay with me tonight Peeta. Just this once I want to know what it feels like to make love to you the way it's supposed to be."

He understood exactly what she meant. "Are you sure, Katniss?" His hands trailed up the sides of her body and brushed his thumbs under her aching breasts.

"I've never been so sure of anything in my life."

He wrapped his arms around her body and rolled them to their sides as Katniss locked her legs around his waist. "I love making love to you this way. Watching you...being able to touch you." His hand traveled between them and found her sensitive spot between her legs and started to manipulate it.

"Oh, Peeta," Her whole body was beginning to convulse. Her hands roamed down his back and cupped his buttocks, pulling him into her. "You're so smooth, firm...hard." Her lips met his in a slow and languid kiss. "Not yet Peeta. Please. Not yet, I want to wait for you."

Peeta removed his hand from between them and matched hers, holding on to her bottom and slowly pulling her to meet his gentle motion. "Tell me Katniss. I want to know too. Tell me what it feels like for you."

"Mmmm," her head dropped backwards. "I feel...full. You're hot and so big...slick...smooth...it makes me feel complete."

"I can feel you Katniss. You're getting close," he held her stare. "It's so incredible. You clench me when that happens."

"You swell up...start to vibrate..." She could feel him doing just that at that very second. "Peeta tell me you love me. Please tell me."

"I do, Katniss. I love you. I'm so in love with you."

"Me too, Peeta. You're the only man I'll ever love. The only man I'll ever allow to love me this way." It was happening. Her body was starting to react to not only his physical actions but the emotional ones that went hand in hand. "Oh, Peeta now...it's happening now." she pushed against him so hard as her thighs squeezed his waist.

"Let it happen Katniss," He whispered to her. "Look at me. I want to watch you." he kissed her. The tips of their tongues played with each others as his body reacted to her pending orgasm. "Oh, God, Katniss" He felt her fingers digging into his back as he lost himself deep inside of her.

The moment she felt him shoot himself inside of her, Katniss screamed out his name and exploded around him. Her body quaked. He broke out in an uncontrollable sweat and plunged deep within.

Peeta dug his fingers into her buttocks and pulled her against him, pressing himself into her and called out his love for her, listening as she followed suit and repeated the words "I love you" over and over again. Their eyes were locked together and both of them had tears in them. For what they were about to lose? For all that they had missed? Or simply for the remarkable power that erupted between them.

Peeta buried his head into Katniss' chest as she wrapped her arms around it, pressing kisses into his hair.

"My God, that was like a dream," he breathed against her body. "If that's what we've been missing then I say we never miss out on it again.

"No kidding," Katniss sighed against his head. "I wish you could feel the way I feel right now." Katniss said quietly to Peeta. "Like my whole life has been building up to this one moment."

"I do. It was remarkable." Peeta tucked his head under her chin and kissed her beating heart.

Katniss yawned against the top of his head. She could feel his body slightly soften inside of her, but refused to let him leave her. "Stay with me this way for a little while longer okay?"

Peeta held her tightly and said, "I wasn't planning on moving."

They closed their eyes and fell asleep joined together in the throes of love. Nightmares of the arena didn't plague them that night, but the conception of their love, one of their greatest fears, began to grow within Katniss, unbeknownst to either of them.

The next chapter will be based in the Capitol and then the story will be complete.

Catching Fire:

Rekindling Outtakes

Chapter 5: Maybe Baby?, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction

Summarize

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

By: Jamie Sommers

Chapter Five: Maybe Baby?

In this final chapter K/P are about ready to head into the Quell, but let's face it, they need to have a little fun! I mean...I'm all for mushy romance fluffy lovey dovey hearts and stuff, but sometimes two people get together and have a good time. In this chapter our favorite duo do...oh, exactly that. They step slightly OOC, as most of us do when we're with the person we love and letting go of our inhibitions, and they have some young fun. It does end in traditional ME style as when I wrote this chapter I wrote it with a light heart, and then a heavy one. So enjoy...have an open mind and remember, this is rated M for MATURE! They

have SEX! The outtakes are pretty much about a sexual relationship between them, but if you want the story, then read the whole thing. It starts with 74th Hunger Games Challenge! We Always Were. Continues with Catching Fire: Rekindling and I am now in the process of writing Mockingjay: Broken Wings. The outtakes for that story will start up soon and they will be based around a series of designs that Cinna created for Katniss. If you're reading MJ:BW you'll know what I'm talking about. If not...it's all good.

Enjoy one and all!

Catching Fire: Rekindling Outtakes

The underlying tension between Katniss and Peeta had driven them to their breaking point since being at the Capitol. Peeta's use of the word, "pure" when describing her had put her in a ridiculously foul mood after the Tribute Parade only to see that Darius had been turned into an Avox and placed at Katniss' bedroom door, obviously to unhinge her, as a special gift from President Snow, was much more than she could take. Her moods were all over the map as of late. She didn't want to fight with Peeta, and when he knocked on her bedroom door that night it broke her heart turning him away. It was worse when she had a nightmare and she rolled over in bed, reaching for her husband only to find an empty, cold spot where his warm comforting body should have been. The next day in training was even worse. Johanna Mason oiled up her naked body for a wrestling lesson and stayed that way until lunch. As a matter of fact, life was pretty much sucking all the way around as far as Katniss was concerned. Going into the arena was bad enough, but not being able to face it with Peeta's love and support was like a kick in the teeth to her. The worst part was that she felt like she brought this on herself. Though they seemed to be over the all-out fighting portion of their argument, they

had yet to say the words "I'm sorry," to one another. Fortunately they were sleeping together again, but it felt like they were roommates, not husband and wife. It wasn't until the final day of training, their private sessions with the Gamemakers, that they found their way back to one another. Their scores, twelve out of a possible twelve, given to them by the Gamemakers, were a death sentence in the arena, but it brought them to their senses and closer than they had been in days.

Effie began to silently cry. Haymitch began to scream at them. Portia closed her eyes and started rubbing her temples. Cinna just stared at the couple sitting on the sofa who were completely ignoring their training scores that were just announced by Caesar Flickerman to the entire world.

The feel of Peeta's hands cupping Katniss' cheeks filled her with a sense of security and love. Something she had been missing for days. Something she had needlessly thrown away out of sheer stupidity.

The heat radiating against his skin from the closeness of Katniss' lips made Peeta's heart swell. He felt like a fool for wasting what little time they had left together, and he refused to waste another minute. "We kids are going to bed and leaving you grown ups to talk." He wrapped his arms around Katniss' waist, picked her up and carried her towards their bedroom.

"Haymitch is yelling at you." Her arms were wrapped around his neck as her feet dangled off the ground.

"Haymitch is always yelling."

"Yes, but this time it's directed at *you* and not me."

"I'll alert the media." Peeta stopped at their bedroom. "Open the door, Katniss."

"Okay," she smiled as she twisted the handle. "He's really pissed."

"I don't care." Once they were inside Peeta slammed the door closed with his foot and fumbled behind him to lock it. He let her body slide down his till her feet touched the floor. "Katniss," his hands were running up and down her arms. "You know I'm going to do everything in my power to keep you safe in the arena, right?"

"Of course, I know that." She hated it, but she knew it.

"The thing is..." He didn't even want to voice his worries.

"The thing is...there's a chance that no matter what we do out there, Snow's going to make sure neither one of us makes it out of there alive." She said what he was thinking.

Peeta rested his forehead against hers and said, "It's crossed my mind."

"Mine too." She was so tired of dwelling on the possibility of dying. It had consumed their every waking...and sleeping moment for a year. Katniss closed her eyes, let out a cleansing breath and decided to forget about the future. "Peeta, I have a good idea," she paused. "Why don't you and I just enjoy what time we've got left? Let's forget about the arena...about training scores...about everything and focus on here and now."

"I like that idea...a lot."

"Good." She threaded her fingers through his hair and asked him. "So, what should we do with the rest of our days?"

There was only one thing that mattered to Peeta. "All I want to do is spend the rest of my life loving you."

Katniss lifted up on her toes, held her lips against his and whispered hoarsely, "Then what are you waiting for?" Her lips captured his in a long awaited kiss.

The sound of Haymitch's screams and something crashing in the hallway broke them apart and caused laughter to bubble up between them. "Damn, I must've really pissed him off when I carried you in here," Peeta gave her a cheeky grin.

"Kind of a nice change of pace...you not being so...perfect all the time."

"I'm far from perfect." Peeta gave her a curious look and thought, 'if only you knew what was going on in my mind right now.'

"Okay. Not perfect." Katniss let her eyes drift towards the ceiling and said, "Sweet...no...*pure*," she dragged the word out and gave him a cagy look. "God knows you don't have a...wicked bone in your body."

"Wicked, huh?" Peeta let the tip of his tongue skim across the crease of his lips. "Do you really want to do this tonight? Here?" He mouthed to her having to make sure she was asking what he thought she was asking him to do.

Katniss gave him a look of complete innocence and mouthed back, "I have no idea what you're talking about," then gave him the slightest nod.

It was so small, Peeta wasn't sure if he had seen it or not, but if he was wrong she'd tell him. There were a few moments in their marriage that Katniss gave herself up to him. Completely let herself go and didn't argue, didn't fight anything. All she did was say yes to him and let him take complete control of their love making. It had started on their wedding night. It was innocent...as wholesome and tender as

first times should be, but then one day they made a bet and the loser had to do what the other said for the remainder of the day without arguing. Peeta had won and made Katniss clean the kitchen in her underwear, which was hysterical. Not because she was in her underwear, but because she hated cleaning the kitchen and she had set the oven on fire the night before when she attempted to cook dinner for him. She had to fold the laundry, which there wasn't much of, and put it away. He was tempted to make her pet Buttercup, who had stopped by their house to visit Peeta that afternoon, but the cat hated her just as much as she hated him, so he opted against that, and then he decided he wanted to make love to his wife, but she was pretty pissed off with him. Too bad she had lost the bet and within minutes...seconds really, Katniss was more than compliant. Peeta noticed that she not only enjoyed him telling her what to do while they were making love, she seemed to respond to it when he practically ordered her to say yes to him. He felt horrible afterwards, felt like he had taken advantage of her, but she curled up against him, a soft and satisfied smile splayed across her lips and told him to shut up. The next time they did something like that it stemmed from a piece of very sexy clothing that Cinna designed and that's when Peeta realized how much Katniss liked to relinquish control for a little while. The woman that had such a hard time handing the reigns over to him, now loved it when he was in the driver's seat. It brought out a different side of Peeta, one he didn't show too often, but Katniss seemed to enjoy it. She would tease him and tell him he was evil or...wicked. When she used that word, Peeta knew what Katniss was asking him to do. She needed him to take her away from all of the stress in her life...help her to escape...take her to a place where all she had to do was say, "Yes, Peeta," and enjoy the ride.

Peeta lifted her up at the hips and sat her on the edge of the bed, picking up her foot; he proceeded to take off her shoe. "Haymitch is still bellyaching out there," his voice had taken on a trance like tone,

his eyes held Katniss prisoner. "You know, they're probably listening to us right now too?" He tossed her shoe to the side without breaking eye contact with her. "Someone probably heard that noise just now and they're wondering..." he lifted her other foot and repeated the process, "...what was that thump? Did he bump into something? Did she? Maybe he pressed her up against the wall and they're about to be locked in a heated embrace or it could simply be..." he tossed the other shoe, "...the sound of a shoe hitting the carpet." Peeta pressed her bare foot up against his groin and saw her bite her bottom lip. "Oh, no. None of that." He took in a breath between his teeth when he felt the pressure of her foot against growing erection. "No silence." He could see the panic in Katniss' eyes. "Let them listen to every noise..." he pushed himself against her foot again and moaned, "...every sigh..." Katniss let out a huge one, "...and let them speculate." Peeta let Katniss' foot drop down to the ground as he took her hands and placed them on his waistband, encouraging her to undress him. "Right now, there are people out there...stylists...our mentor...maybe our escort..." it was none of those people, but Peeta couldn't come right out and say they knew the Capitol had surveillance in their room, "...they're all just...listening to us, telling themselves that it's their job to eavesdrop on the most intimate moments of our lives. They're justifying their decision to snoop right now by saying, it's for the Games and we're only tributes, right?" He could tell that Katniss was afraid to make a peep in their room when it came to what they were about to do, but he'd be damned if the Capitol would put a damper on their lives. "Know what though, Katniss? You and I...we know better, don't we?" He watched as her eyes softened. "We're more than that. We're human beings like everybody else around here. We all need to eat...sleep...drink...breathe... The difference is we were born in District Twelve. Geography shouldn't determine a person's self-worth should it?" Katniss shook her head from side to side. "I can't hear you."

"No, Peeta. It shouldn't." She unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off of his shoulders. Her hands gently skimming the taught muscles beneath her palms.

Peeta smiled a little. "That's right. So tonight, don't worry about who's listening. If they had any decency they'd allow two people in love some time to themselves...time to enjoy each other." Peeta felt the tips of her fingers dancing up and down his shoulders. "No one is here but you and me and *I'm* listening to you Katniss. I want to hear how much you love me." Her fingers trailed around his waistband, undid his belt, unzipped his pants...., "I want to hear you say it...definitely want you to show it," he lifted her chin up just as his pants hit the floor, "and please don't let anyone stop you from expressing your passion...your love for me. Understand?"

"Yes, Peeta." She had no idea how he did this to her, but he had the ability to make everything around them simply fade away into oblivion.

"Come here," he lifted her up by the elbows. "I'm going to ask you permission for one thing and after that..." he took a deep breath and gave his eyebrows a few wags.

Katniss let out a little sound between a squeak and a sigh. After that, she was granting him freedom to do whatever he wanted. "Ask me," she said eagerly.

He leaned close to her and momentarily broke their spell. "Can I stay inside of you tonight?" There was really no reason for him to keep pulling himself out of her before he finished, at least he didn't think there was. Peeta was pretty certain Katniss was pregnant. He wondered if she would tell him now...if she even knew that she was.

Katniss had planned on giving up her life for him in the arena anyway so what did it matter if he stayed inside of her or not? Besides, they

had done it one time before and nothing had happened other than it felt mind-blowing and incredible. In fact, if by some miracle, she and Peeta made it out of the arena together, she wanted to make love to him that way every time. "Peeta, you never have to leave me again. Whether we live three days or three thousand years...I always want you to make love to me that way."

"Funny...for a girl that always tells me she's not good at, 'saying something,' you sure know how to say...*something* when it really counts." He placed a kiss in the crook of her shoulder. "No more asking permission from you Katniss."

She dropped her head back and let the seductive sound of his voice send a chill up her spine. God how she loved this. Giving herself up to him, letting go of everything and not worrying... The first time she surrendered herself to him was so difficult. Not because there was sex involved, but because she finally had to admit to herself that she couldn't run their lives on her own. It was a joint effort. Something they had to do together. Now when they did this type of thing in the bedroom it was done in a more playful manor. They always experienced an incredibly emotional connection when they made love, but when they had sex...plain old sex; it really got Katniss' juices flowing. It's not like she didn't love him or anything, she adored him, but sometimes they had a need to be young and have fun and by the sound of Peeta's voice, tonight was one of those nights.

Peeta turned her around by the shoulders to face away from him and ran his hands down her arms. "Are you feeling much like romance tonight, Katniss?" He wrapped her braid around his hand and tugged her head to the side. "Because I'm not feeling that way right now."

Her breath was shallow, her pulse racing as she asked him in a low and throaty voice, "How are *you* feeling?" She truly hoped he was feeling as courageous as she was.

Peeta caught a glimpse of them in the mirror, he was completely naked, she was completely clothed. His eyes bright with excitement. Hers closed in anticipation. He reached around the front of her, his lips lingering at her ear, "I'm feeling...*wicked*," with that he pulled her shirt open in one swift move exposing her bare torso and the thin material covering her swollen breasts. He could hear her loud gasp as the cool air hit her ivory flesh. "I was thinking I might call you a pet name tonight, Katniss. Something like honey..." he waited to see her reaction and saw her make a little face. 'Nope,' he thought to himself, 'not the response I was looking for. He thought of the names some of his friends used to call their girlfriends in school and chose one he'd never use. Not in a million years. "Perhaps I should try...baby?" he let out a seductive chuckle when she let out a disgruntled growling sound, "Oh yeah. Baby it is." Peeta could feel Katniss' tense up. She hated pet names and refused to let him call her by them. On occasion he'd slip and call her sweetheart, but that wasn't something he'd use on a night like tonight. "What do you say, Katniss?" He ran his hands over her breasts, skimming his palms over the sleek surface of the silky material that housed them within. "If I ask you, do you like that...baby, what would you say?"

Katniss did like what he was doing to her, but she hated the term baby. Despised it. Regardless of her feelings towards the name she answered him, between a tightly closed jaw and clenched teeth the way he wanted her to. The way she essentially agreed to when she invited him to do this to her tonight, "Yes, Peeta."

"Are you sure you like it..." he licked his lips before saying in a low voice, "...baby?"

"Yes, Peeta." She hated it. Hated those names, but when he said it like that...in that way...using that mellow, languid tone that pulled her into his little fantasy world, a gooey sensation trickled through her core. Her already pert nipples, constricted into rigid little gumdrops and she answered him again, "Yes, Peeta," meaning it this time.

If he hadn't heard the change in her voice he wouldn't have called her a pet name again. His goal was to please her, not get her angry, though he did enjoy it when they had that fiery passion added into the mix; however, Peeta was fairly certain tonight they'd have a mixture of his cool controlling commands as well as her smoldering enthusiasm. "Have I ever made you reach orgasm while you were dressed before?"

"No," she panted out. Her knees were quaking as his fingers made their journey down her body, cupping her between her legs over the snug pants she was wearing. She didn't know how he was going to accomplish it, but if there was one thing she knew about Peeta, the man knew his way around her body. She could feel him grinding himself against her buttocks and moaning in her ear, flicking the tip of his tongue against her neck. All she wanted to do was strip down to her bare skin and let him ravish her, but that's not what he had in mind and she was at his mercy tonight.

Peeta took the tip of her earlobe between his teeth then said softly, "If you want me to stop, say...orange." They had decided to come up with a very nonsexual word after the second time they tried something like this. It was a way for both of them to put a stop to their playfulness without question. Peeta opened the button on her waistband of her pants and watched her wiggle. "You're trembling Katniss. You don't like this, do you?"

"Yes, Peeta," she could barely get the words out. She didn't like it, she loved it.

He moved the zipper slowly down and studied their reflection in the mirror. "You keep taking deep breaths. Is my girl excited?"

She couldn't seem to get a hold of her breathing as she forced out, "Ye...yes, Peeta."

He took a deep breath and blew it out against her shoulder. "Do you know what it does to me when you say that?" He turned her face to his. "Yes Peeta?"

She looked longingly into his eyes and whispered against his lips, "Yes, Peeta," before his mouth devoured hers.

For Katniss to simply say the words 'Yes, Peeta,' so freely...without argument, was nothing short of a miracle. Usually there was at least a ten minute conversation...argument as to what she was agreeing to first, so this was a complete turn on for Peeta. He pulled her backside up against his front and ground his erection against her, held her head in place as he dipped his tongue deep into her mouth and listened as tiny little cries escaped from between their lips. His hand traveled down her body, beneath her pants...her underwear, moist with desire and slid over her velvety skin until he found the thin strip of hair her prep team had left her with. "So smooth..." He could feel her pressing down against his hand and didn't fight the smile that blossomed across his face. "Do you want me to touch you, Katniss?" He choked out against her mouth.

"Yes, Peeta." She wanted it more than anything at the moment.

He let his eyes drift back to the mirror, took in the stunning sight and decided to watch her squirm with desire. "Put your arms around my

neck," he broke off their kiss and stared full on as she lifted her arms and wrapped them around his neck, jutting her breasts outward, the material of her bra barely covering her nipples as the tops of them peeked out at him. "God that's sexy," he said it more to himself than her. His fingers parted her and began to slip back and forth between her slick crease, but her pants were so close-fitting, they held his hand firmly in place prohibiting him from moving freely. She was grinding herself against him, her legs planted on the floor, pushing down against his fingers. "You really like that don't you?" He asked.

As much as she wanted to say what he wanted to hear, words just wouldn't come out, but noises...screams would. "Aaah..." she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, but the moisture was trapped within her body, waiting to be released by him.

"These damn things are too tight," Peeta pulled his hand out of her pants and yanked at the zipper until the seam split apart. "There we go," he thrust his hand between her thighs again and smiled as she screamed out his name.

"Peeta!" She wasn't sure where this man came from this evening but boy did she like him.

The instant he slid his fingers inside of her, a rush of liquid pooled into the palm of his hand, 'Dear God,' he thought to himself, 'I don't know if I'm going to be able to take this much longer.' "Touch me," the words barely left his lips and her hands were fumbling behind her, reaching between their bodies in search of him. "Just a little," he said between pants as she stroked him up and down, "I want it to last." Her eyes were closed as she crushed herself down onto his pumping fingers. "Watch us, Katniss. Look at us in the mirror." He saw her eyes flash open and the fear inside of them. "It's okay. We're so beautiful," he turned his attention towards their reflection. "Look."

She had told herself she'd let him guide her tonight and so far she loved where he was taking her, she wasn't about to stop now, so she turned her eyes towards the mirror and saw what he saw. "My God," the sight of them was so erotic it brought a whole new level of pleasure to what was already turning into a mind boggling experience. She could see the muscles in his arms...his legs, flexing every time he moved. With each motion of his hand his shoulders would ripple, his hair would bounce a little. His eyes kept scrutinizing the reflection of her body...her torn clothing...her underwear disguising the sweet agony his fingers were performing between her legs. Her stomach was partially hidden by his arm, her breasts were bouncing up and down as a semicircle of flush and bright color peeked out of her bra...her nipples were struggling to remain within. What she wouldn't do to have Peeta's lips around them right now. His body lying on top of hers...buried between her legs. The mere thought of him plunging himself inside of her caused her to curl her toes into the carpeting and cry out.

"Stop touching me." Peeta could feel Katniss' hands drop to his hips and hold onto him for leverage. This was his favorite part. Watching her. He didn't just want her to reach a climax though; he wanted her to scream out with so much pleasure...so much joy, to go somewhere she had never gone before. He could feel her body begin to convulse as he slipped his other hand down her pants from behind...the smooth apples of her buttocks as he slid his hand between her legs and dipped his fingers inside of her moist flesh. "Put your arms around my neck. Now," he ordered her when he saw her knees threatening to give out.

Never had she felt anything like this in her entire life. Peeta's fingers were driving in and out of her from behind and manipulating her from the front simultaneously. Her arms were holding onto him for dear life as she attempted to move against him and just as she was about to

reach her orgasm, he pulled his fingers away and left her standing there, quivering...crying out, "No! No!"

"Yes," he licked her neck and stood in front of her. "Oh, yes," his lips lingered in front of hers. There was frustration in her eyes, a burning desire he couldn't wait to quench. "Do you want me?"

Katniss reached out and grabbed his hips, pulled him towards her, "Yes, Peeta! Yes!"

"How badly?" He began moving himself in a small circular motion against her stomach. "Tell me how much you want me."

Her chest was heaving, her heart pounding as her fingers dug into his flesh. She had to tell him something, but she didn't know what. "I'm so bad at this, Peeta."

"No you're not. Come on," he urged her...begged her. "Say something...sexy to me."

"I'm not good at saying something," she ran her hands over his bottom and pulled him against her.

"Mmmm," he pushed his hands down the back of her pants and pressed his palms against her, following her lead. "You're good at *doing* something." He sucked her tongue into his mouth then dropped his head back when he felt her hand reach between them and start to stroke him.

"Call me baby," she said it against his neck.

"What?" He looked down into her eyes.

"Do it," she took hold of him with her other hand and felt the heat of his manhood burn against her palm. "Call me baby or honey...I don't care, just do it."

Peeta took her face in his hands and held her lips up to his. "That feels so good baby."

"Oh God," Katniss squeezed the base of him and shoved her tongue deep into his mouth. "Again, do it again."

"Geez," Peeta had never seen her react this way before. "Whose baby are you Katniss?"

"Yours Peeta. I'm your baby," she stroked him up and down, flicked her thumb against the tip of his arousal while pumping her hips back and forth. "Yours."

Peeta whirled her around, slipped his fingers inside of her from behind again and listened to her howl with delight. "Say it again," he ordered her.

"I'm your baby," Katniss pushed herself onto his fingers.

He reached around the front and slid his fingers up against her clit, rubbing...flicking, nibbling at her ear until he felt her body begin to squirm, her voice rise and her juices flow.

As Katniss reached her orgasm another one shot through her and another after that. If Peeta hadn't pulled his hand out of her and lifted her off of the ground, she would've fallen flat onto her face. She had no clue she was screaming out his name, no clue that the people in the next room heard her calling out in pleasure and had vacated the suite for the night. All she knew was every stress, every trouble, every wanton need she had built up in her system over the past...well her

entire life, was just released at the hands of her husband. She was panting at best when she felt Peeta pull her pants off of her. She lifted one foot then the other and heard them being thrown to the side.

He pushed her shirt off of her shoulders and removed her bra. "You didn't like these clothes did you?"

"They're not mine." Katniss could barely catch her breath as Peeta sat at the edge of the bed and guided himself inside of her. "Oh...oh." Her thighs were still quaking, and when he entered her it was like a bolt of electricity was being sent through her system. "Peeta!" He pulled her legs around his waist and moved her against him.

"Just let yourself go."

That was all it took. Permission for her to continue on the journey. That, and his mouth suckling at her breasts. It was a bit shocking at first, stung a little, but then he eased up on her nipples and... "Oh my God, they're so sensitive right now. Like I can feel it shooting straight to my toes." He wrapped her braid around his hand and pulled her head back, shoved his tongue into her mouth, dug his fingers into the cheek of one of her buttocks and Katniss felt herself losing control all over again.

Peeta could sense how quickly she was reaching her climax and as much as he didn't want to join her, he couldn't help it. He ground his hips up into her, let go of her hair and pushed her down on top of him, releasing himself inside of her, throwing his head back and calling out her name before collapsing backwards on the bed with her against his chest.

"Holy shit," Katniss finally said after she regained control of her vocal chords again. "Holy shit."

"Are you okay?" Guilt flooded through Peeta. He brushed some loose strands of hair away from her cheek and tried to look down at her, but she had her head tucked under his chin. "Gosh, Katniss. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

"Huh?" She pushed herself up to look at him. "What for? The amazing afterglow?"

Peeta was taken aback by her response. He thought for certain that he had gotten a little too carried away. "I was ...well...I was a little rough."

"Rough?" Katniss let her head fall back down against his chest. "Oh yeah, you ripped some Capitol clothes. Big deal. That was pretty...sexy by the way."

Peeta felt a smile creeping up on his face. "It was?"

"Yeah," she admitted. She hated this part. Afterward. During was always great. She had no inhibitions, but afterward... talking about it was pretty difficult at times. Especially since she had made a complete fool out of herself tonight.

"It's just that we never really...we never..." How did he explain it? "It's always more..."

"Emotional?" She asked.

"Yeah...sort of...I mean...no..." He ran his hand through his hair.

"Why do I always get this way after? Like it's my first time all over again?" he chuckled. "Seriously, we've done this like a million times."

"Not quite a million, but I wouldn't mind striving for that," Katniss grinned against his chest. "Yeah," she lifted herself up and looked

down at him. "I was just thinking the same thing. After can be kind of embarrassing...hard sometimes can't it?"

"Hard?" Peeta arched a brow and they both let out a laugh.

"Okay poor choice of words." Katniss put her head back on his chest. "Peeta, I had fun tonight and I really...*really* liked it."

"Me too," he admitted. "I liked it a lot."

"There's nothing wrong with that. I mean, it doesn't always have to be all flowers and lace and crap," Katniss inhaled through her nose and exhaled out of her mouth.

"And crap?" Peeta poked her in the ribs. "Crap?"

Katniss let out a little giggle, "Told you, I'm really bad at saying things." She placed a kiss in the center of his chest. "I'm much better at doing things."

"Yeah, well..." Peeta tilted her chin upwards, "you're going to have to *do* an awful lot to make up for that 'crap' remark. Maybe you can be my baby a little while longer."

She didn't want to hear the word baby in that context. It was too embarrassing. It was definitely time to avoid that part of the conversation. "I didn't mean when we're..." Katniss blew out a breath, "...that didn't come out right. I'm not saying the rest of the time is...crap. You know that." She pushed on his chest and sat upright. "Damn you, Peeta. Why do you have to make me feel bad because I suck at this after shit? I'm not like you. I don't know what to say all the time. I can't explain myself the way you can."

"I'm not trying to make you feel bad; I'd just rather you not use the word, 'crap' when it comes to our sex life." He put his hands behind his head and took a little bit of pleasure in her getting angry. He was hoping for some of that fiery passion action.

"Knock it off," she pointed at him. "You knock that off right now. I know you're enjoying me getting all pissed off and I'm not in the mood."

"What?" He asked a little too innocently. "I'm not doing anything. I'm just lying here...basking in the...afterglow." By the daggers she sent hurling at him with her eyes, he knew he had taken it too far by throwing her word back in her face. "Okay, I was just kidding. I didn't mean...ugh..." Her hands pressed down on his stomach as she pushed herself off of him and headed for the bathroom. "Katniss! Wait!" He blew out a breath as he rubbed the sore spot she had caused on his stomach. "Great," he ran his hand through his hair. "You just made up and now you're fighting again," he said to himself.

"You son of a bitch!" She came out of the bathroom in a flurry with tears flowing down her face, pushing at his shoulders, forcing him to walk backwards towards the bed until he fell back on his ass. "You think it's easy for me to just come out and say it all the time? Yes, I love you. I love it when we make love to each other. I love nights like tonight too. When we get to be young and have fun and just...just have sex and when you call me things like baby! Which there's nothing wrong with by the way!" She was standing between his legs, her breasts jutting in his face.

"Okay, so I crossed the line," he was in big trouble. "Sorry." He felt bad for making her cry, but damn she was hot and cold lately. "You could've just said orange instead of punching me in the stomach, you know. I would've stopped teasing you."

"Damn you, Peeta!" She socked him in the shoulder. "This isn't funny!"

Peeta had to fight the laughter that was building up inside. She was so angry with him, getting all riled up and she looked absolutely gorgeous in the process. "Katniss, I can't help it. You're just so...so..."

"I swear to God if you say feisty I'm going to punch you in the nose!" She put her hands on her hips. Her tears were gone and now she was full of rage...hot burning fury.

"Okay, I won't say feisty." He thought for a second then said, "How about you're...vivacious?" He ran his hand up her thigh only to have her throw it off. "Spirited?"

She pushed him back by the shoulders. "Spirited? Oh, I'll give you spirited, Peeta Mellark!"

"Can't wait," he could feel himself getting aroused already.

"Don't you dare get turned on by this!" Katniss practically growled at him trying her best to fight the sexual urges coursing through her veins. "We're in the middle of a fight! And why do we have to fight all the time anyway?! Why can't we just get along?!"

"Because that's not us. We always fight about stuff first and once we're over our insecurities...we talk about them." Peeta gripped her bottom with both hands and squeezed, took a nipple into his mouth and lavished it. "We fight...we get over it...we make up and I like it that way."

Katniss pulled his head closer to her a total contradiction to what she was saying, "Stop it." She dug her fingers into his scalp. "I hate fighting with you."

"You love fighting with me," he stood up and lifted her off of her feet, tossed her onto the bed and crawled over her. "You know you do."

"No I don't." Yes she did. God how she loved it. "It drives me crazy arguing like this with you." Her legs wrapped around his waist.

He stroked himself up and down her glossy slit. Watched her as she squirmed and dug her nails into the bedding. "Then why do you pick so many fights with me?"

"I do not!" She lifted up her hips trying to capture him inside of her. "Stop that! Now!"

"You don't want me to stop," he teased...tormented her as her heels dug into his backside. "You want me to keep doing this to you until I make you scream."

"No!" She gave his shoulders a little push and challenged it completely by pulling him closer with her feet. "I want you to knock it off! I'm mad at you!" If he stopped she'd kill him, but he wouldn't stop. He wanted this just as badly as she did.

Peeta slid the tip of himself inside of her, pressed his lips against her ear and whispered hoarsely, "Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her head no and said, "Yes, Peeta. Dear God, yes!" She grabbed his head and pulled him in for a kiss. "Stop. Please don't...stop," she begged him.

He hadn't planned on stopping. If she had wanted him to, she would've told him with one simple word, which had yet to leave her lips. "You still mad at me baby?"

"Yes!" Hell, no she wasn't mad. He could call her baby all night long and she'd be thrilled with it as long as he continued doing what he was doing. "I'm pissed as hell," she met each one of his thrust with as much force she could. "And don't call me baby!"

"Yeah, go ahead and yell at me. I don't care." Peeta took one of her breasts in his hands and began manipulating the flesh in his palm, saw her flinch a little then eased up and stopped moving entirely. "You okay?" He asked in a normal tone of voice, afraid he had hurt her.

"Shut up. I'm fine." She kissed him roughly. "Keep going."

Peeta didn't have to be told twice. "Does it feel good? Tell me you like it," he said in a stern voice.

"No," she tried to argue, but it was oh, so obvious she loved it.

"Damn it, Katniss! Tell me!"

"Oh God, Peeta! I do! I like it! I love it!" Both of her legs were locked around his waist, her butt was lifted off of the mattress, his hands squeezing it as he plunged in and out of her. "I love being your baby, Peeta."

He hadn't expected her to say that and holy cow did it drive him crazy with desire. "Katniss!" He screamed out her name and lost himself inside of her as she kept telling him over and over again how much she loved being his. When he collapsed on top of her he was once again plagued with a remarkable amount of guilt. This time because he had finished and she hadn't. It was the first time they had ever made love that he didn't make sure she reached her climax. "I feel selfish." He spoke against her hot and sticky chest.

"Hello selfish, I'm starving," she giggled then moaned when she felt the weight of him press down on her with his laughter. "Get off of me. I can't breathe."

"That's my girl," Peeta rolled off and onto his side chuckling, "always so polite and full of charm."

"Look who's talking. 'tell me you like it baby,'" Katniss giggled again.

"Guess we're past the whole embarrassed to talk about it stuff, huh?" Peeta sort of grinned at her.

Katniss let out a huge breath. "Yeah, I'm over it." She gave her body a full stretch, reaching out through the tips of her toes. "God that was amazing."

"It was for me, but..." he traced a pattern between her breasts, "...I sort of left you unsatisfied."

"Oh, don't worry about me;" she gave him a grin that said she had a secret then shared it with him, "I'm next."

"Oh you are, are you?" Peeta rolled onto his back. "Katniss, I don't think I'm going to be much good to you for awhile."

She lifted his fingers and kissed them one by one, "Have I ever told you how much I loved your hands...the way your fingers move when you sketch...paint?" Peeta shook his head from side to side. "There are plenty of ways to satisfy me Peeta. All you have to do is use that vivid imagination of yours," she slid his hand down her body and left it lingering just below her navel. "You're going to paint me a picture, Peeta."

He leaned up on his elbow, trailed a slow kiss up her shoulder and said, "In the mood for flowers...lace and all that other...crap or should I just get down to business?"

She gave him a playful scowl and said, "Shut up and get busy Mellark."

"Yes, ma'am," he lifted the corner of his mouth in a grin as his fingers made their way towards their destination.

"Mmmm..." Katniss settled into the mattress and spread her thighs open a little. "Peeta?"

"Yeah," he bent over and ran his tongue around her tightening peak.

"Did you like calling me baby?" She threaded her fingers through his hair and lifted his face from her breast.

He blushed slightly then said, "Yeah, I did. I mean I wouldn't call you that normally, but..."

"Would it bother you if I called you baby?" He shook his head from side to side. Katniss gave it some thought then said with a smug expression, "What about...sweetheart? How would you feel about that...sweetheart?"

Peeta's brow arched, his lips stopped working their magic spell on her. "Not too crazy about that one," he answered, his hand now frozen in place.

Katniss licked her lips, trailed her finger up his arm and whispered, "How's it feel...sweetheart?" Turnabout was fair play in her book. She pressed her hand against his and moved him against her slick crease. "God that feels good." She flicked her tongue against his bottom lip then sucked it into her mouth. "You like that don't you, sweetheart?"

He hated being called sweetheart, but he loved what she was doing. "Yeah, I like it."

Her silver eyes were radiant with desire. "Are you my sweetheart tonight, Peeta?"

If she kept acting this way, he'd agree to be anything she wanted.
"Yes, Katniss."

"Damn right you are. Now come here and kiss me like you mean it."

"Yes, ma'am." He moved his body up the bed and did exactly what his wife asked.

"Thought you said you weren't going to be much good to me for awhile," she brushed the back of her knuckles against his body, which was stirring...quickly coming back to life.

"The benefits of being young...rapid recovery time. Sometimes no recovery needed at all."

Katniss let out a little laugh between their lips. "Not to mention you've got that whole raging male hormones thing going for you." She sucked in a little breath when he rubbed his thumb up against a very sensitive spot.

"It's going to be a very long night," Peeta pushed a finger inside of her and felt the hair on the back of his neck stand on end when she moaned.

"I hope so." He shut her up with his lips until she felt her thighs tremble...her heart race...her stomach tense up... It was going to be a very long night indeed.

A night of peace was what they treated themselves and their bodies to. A midnight snack, which was more like a second dinner for Katniss, a hot shower and a dreamless, more than that, a horror free night of sleep. The next day they'd prepare for their interviews with Caesar Flickerman, but were pleasantly surprised to find out they got to take the day off. A rooftop date, a kiss beneath the setting sun, one last

day of freedom before their lives were put in someone else's hands. The interviews with Caesar the following day stirred things up in the Capitol...in the nation. Peeta's admission on live television that he and Katniss had gotten married and that she was pregnant seemed to turn the world on its axis.

The second they stepped off the elevator and entered their twelfth floor suite of the Tribute Center, Peeta took hold of her and placed her against the wall. "There isn't much time, so tell me now, did I lie, Katniss? Did I lie?"

She could barely catch her breath. What could she say but the truth? Facing him was close to impossible, but there was no alternative. She looked him in the eyes and said, "No."

His breath came out in choppy little spasms. "You're...pregnant?" Katniss just nodded. Peeta's expression went from shock to concern to sheer joy. "You're pregnant!" He wrapped his arms around her and spun her in a circle. "We're having a baby!"

"Peeta. Stop it. Are you crazy?" Katniss' hands were on his shoulders.

"Oh, sorry." He set her down and rested her back against the wall again. "Probably shouldn't do that in your condition." He rested his forehead against hers. "Wow..." his voice was breathy, "...a baby."

"Yes." She closed her eyes and tried not to cry at the thought. "A baby."

He could hear the anguish just saying the word baby caused her. "Katniss, stop thinking about the Games for a minute..."

"How the hell am I..." She began to argue.

"Just for a minute," he insisted. "Please," he begged. "Stop thinking about the arena and just think about the baby." He gave her a look of query. "Is this something I should be apologizing for?"

If there were no Games. If they weren't a factor in their lives, would she be happy about this pregnancy? Probably not, still she answered, "No. You have nothing to be sorry for."

"You're lying." He stood back and looked at her.

"What do you expect me to say, Peeta? The fact is, we're going to be thrown into the arena tomorrow and even if we weren't our child would probably have to face it eventually, so no...I'm not too thrilled with the whole concept of having a baby." She looked to the side. "You never wanted to have kids either, you know."

He hung his head down. "I know." He placed his hand gingerly on her stomach where their unborn child grew. "Guess I changed my mind."

The subject was dropped when Haymitch entered the suite. Though Peeta wanted to revisit it he knew there were other things that needed to be said too. A warm shower was shared to rid themselves of the makeup their stylists had them wearing to complement their costumes for their interviews and then there was silence. Both wanted to say things, neither knew how to start. Her feet made no noise when she took out a pair of pajamas, handing him the bottoms and putting the top on herself. His feet pounded across the floor as he walked to the bed and pulled the covers down for them to crawl under.

As he spooned with her, his hand trailed over her stomach, their child was growing within. The morning would bring with it the terror of the arena, but that night was still theirs. They had yet to talk about the baby. They had gone through their interviews with Caesar Flickerman, said goodbye to their mentor, showered and changed into their

pajamas, but they had yet to speak about the child they both now knew existed within her womb. Peeta felt Katniss hand creeping up his leg then her body turned to his. She kissed him against his chest, sat up and slid the pajama shirt off without saying a word. Peeta reached out and ran his fingers above the waistband of her underwear, all he kept thinking about was the fact that there was a child there...his child...their child. He pushed the elastic band down and slipped them off of her legs, then slid his own pajamas off. He closed his eyes as Katniss silently kissed a path down his body until she captured the tip of him between her lips and took him into her mouth. He closed his eyes, trying to memorize the feeling of her mouth surrounding him, taking him deep into her throat, sliding her tongue around the top of him in a circle then gliding back down again. Each motion of her tongue against him was like an ocean's wave lapping at the shore, shaping the sand, leaving a lasting impression. When it got to be too much, he gently lifted her away by the chin. He wanted to taste her, to experience everything they could tonight, but she climbed up his body, straddled his waist and slid down onto him, capturing whatever sounds of pleasure he may have made in their kiss. She brushed her breasts against his chest with each movement, lifted his hands above his head and ran her hands down his arms. Katniss studied his body as she moved and looked at them when she sat upright onto her knees, watching as he slid in and out of her. There was no noise...only the sound of slow deep breathing. His fingers got lost in her brown tresses, his eyes lost in her soul.

'Can you feel it, Katniss?' He wondered.

The steady flow of their bodies moving together swept her away. Katniss' heart was swelling with love, "Peeta, do you feel it?" She asked as he rolled her onto her back and pressed her into the mattress with the weight of his body.

"I feel it, Katniss." He always felt it when this happened. Something, he didn't know what, but something took them to a different plane. Where their bodies melted together. They could feel what the other felt, see what the other saw, experience everything like it was their first time all over again.

Their eyes locked together, a pair of hands joined above their heads while the other touched...captured...explored. Their mouths moved, speaking words of love, sharing kisses, tasting the saltiness of sweat and tears that fell but, from whose eyes it didn't matter. Their legs entwined, his body buried deep within hers until her back arched and her voice called out his name. His lips clamped over her breast tasting the sweetness of peaches floating atop the luscious cream of her ivory skin. Her fingers threaded through his damp curly hair. His hands lifted her hips to meet his and with one last thrust he filled her soul and she welcomed him home...ached for him to stay with her...always.

**If you liked these stories, then please look for Mockingjay:
Broken Wings Outtakes coming soon!**